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MARKS ON
POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.

INSTINCTIVE impressions on the soft clay used by the potter, naturally came into use when his work displayed a superiority in its manipulation and decoration; when, in fact, pottery did not merely subserve utility, but soared above the wants, and added to the luxuries, of human taste. Like the gem engraver, the potter would seek to immortalize his own labour in the fragile material he used; nor was his ambition so futile as might at first be supposed; for antiquaries have rescued from oblivion and recorded upwards of six hundred names of Roman potters, which they have found from time to time inscribed on fragments of pottery, the *débris* of Roman settlements in Europe. Of this number some of the most interesting to the Englishman are such as connect themselves with the metropolis. Mr. C. Roach Smith has collected a very extensive series in his "Collectanea Antiqua," vol. i., and further enlarged it in the descriptive catalogue of his museum of London antiquities. They usually display the name of the potter, more or less abbreviated, with the addition of the letter F for *fecit*, or O and OF for *officina*, or M for *manu*. They are frequently in the form of a monogram, or have some few of their letters braced together, the upright limb of one serving for that of the other, such as ER or ND. They were generally impressed from an oblong die; but it sometimes takes the form of a foot. The bricks made by the Roman legionary soldiers and inscribed P. P. BRI. LON. are also of much historic interest, and may mean *Præses* or *Proprætor*, *Provincia Britannia Londinii*; or else *Præfectus Primæ* (Cohortis understood) *Brittonum Londinii*, according to the significance attached to the abbreviated word *Bri*, which may either refer to the province of Britain, or to the *Brittones*, auxiliary troops for its defence.

After the Roman period, pottery seems to have again degenerated into the simplest servant of necessity, and it is not till after the period of the Crusades that we find attention directed to its beauties. The Moorish pottery was introduced into Italy by the Pisans at the commencement of the twelfth century, and Marryatt in his "History of Pottery and Porcelain" notes that "plates or *bacini* of apparently Moorish pattern and origin are found incrustated in the walls of the most ancient churches of Pisa, as well as in those of many other towns in Italy."

The early era assigned to the perfection of the art in China, may be inferred from the researches of M. Stanislas Julien, who declares that porcelain was common in China in the time of the Emperor Han, A.C. 163. The art he supposes to have arrived at its greatest perfection about the year 1000. The important uses it served even as an aid to architectural enrichment may be inferred from the renowned porcelain tower near Nankin, which, constructed

A.D. 1277, still testifies to the ingenuity of its fabricants, and the enduring nature of the material.

Though Marco Polo has described the manufacture of porcelain in the fourteenth century, it was not generally introduced into Europe until the Portuguese traders, having doubled the Cape of Good Hope, commenced trading with China, at the beginning of the sixteenth century. It would serve no useful purpose to give engraved examples of marks on early Chinese works. Marryatt has published several, ranging from 1403 to 1620. They appear to be potters' names, or localities; but are, like China itself, a sort of "sealed book" to the European.

From the time of the Roman rule in Europe until the middle of the fifteenth century, pottery as an art seems to have attracted little attention in Europe. Its first impulse was derived from Tuscany, where the sculptor Luca Della Robbia somewhere about 1415-20 employed a stanniferous glaze as a coating to his terra-cottas, and to this colouring was added; from these continued experiments the Italian majolica resulted, a ware in brilliancy and beauty unsurpassed, and which owed its success to the patronage so liberally bestowed on its fabrication by the Dukes of Tuscany, especially Guidobaldo II, who gave the designs of Raffaele and his pupils to the workmen to copy; hence this manufacture is popularly known as Raffaele ware, but it is doubtful if any specimens exhibit the hand labour of the "divine master," though he is traditionally said to have painted some of these vases.

The finer and older kinds of majolica are remarkable for an iridescent glaze first spread over its surface, and shining through the picture afterwards painted upon it. It is of a ruby tinge, and is believed to be peculiar to the manufactories of Gubbio and Pesaro. After 1560 the ware declined in beauty. Marryatt says, "afterwards, from various circumstances, particularly from the death of its royal patron, which took place in 1574, the manufacture began rapidly to decline, and the introduction of oriental porcelain completed its ruin."

The marks used by the artists who painted these famous works, were sometimes composed of their initials, but on other occasions their names were expressed in full: the title of the subjects painted on the plates was also frequently written in full in blue colour at the back. One of these most celebrated men was Giorgio Andreoli of Pavia, who settled at Gubbio in 1498. We engrave his distinguishing initials from a plate in the collection at Marlborough House. The letters are Mr. G^o, for Maestro Giorgio, a form he always used after he was ennobled, previously to which period he adopted only the very peculiar G. as his mark.

In the same collection is another plate representing "St. Francis receiving the Stigmata;" it is dated 1518 in front, but behind it is dated 1519, thus showing either some length of time in its execution, or else that separate bakings occurred at different periods. We engrave the inscription containing his name in full, with the addition of that of the city of his residence, here written Ugbio.

The potters of Urbino in the same way noted their places of residence after their names or initials. We give two examples, also copied from the same national collection; they are those adopted by Xanto of Urbino, who flourished from 1530 to 1535. The initials on

the first signify *Francesco Xanto Avello Rovigo*; the second gives it an increased form; but he

1531.
f. X. A. R. F. X.
J. Urbino. Rou.

frequently wrote it at full length, and followed the name Urbino, with his own designation *pittore* or *artista*, in an abbreviated form.*

After the *décadence* of the Italian majolica, the French resuscitated it among themselves under the name of *Fayence*, a term either derived from the town of Faenza in Italy, where it had originally flourished, or from the little town of Faience, in the department of the Var in France, where it was fabricated afterwards. Its introduction was due to the Queen Catherine de' Medici, who had resided at Urbino, and who induced Louis Gonzaga (her kinsman) to settle at Nevers, and there found a pottery. The

N S.

works produced are distinguished by a large coarsely executed N., the initial of the town, and is found, as well as the *Maltese cross*, on productions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The entwined letters J. S., of which we also engrave an example, are the initials of *Jacques Sentis*, a celebrated potter, who resided there in the eighteenth century.

The most celebrated pottery of native origin in France was the creation of an extraordinary man, Bernard Palissy, of Saintes. His whole career is more like a romance than a reality. Born of poor parents, by his own industry he gave himself an education, which the poverty of his home could not afford to him; and practising land-surveying under equal disadvantages, he gained by that a scanty living. While thus earning bread, he employed what little leisure he could command in studying painting, and lived by its practice in 1539, when he first saw a cup of enamelled pottery, which so charmed him that he rested not for sixteen years until he discovered a mode of successfully rivalling its beauties. In the prosecution of his aim, he involved himself in much poverty and misery, enduring the reproaches of his wife and family after repeated failures, and at one time being obliged to break up his furniture to feed the furnace at which he tried his experiments. He ultimately discovered the secret, and produced such beautiful works that fame and fortune poured in upon him, and king and court vied in giving him commissions. His works tell the hand that fashioned, or the mind that conceived them, by the boldness and beauty of their ornament, or the truth of the fish, serpents, lizards, insects, and shells which cover their surface; he occasionally marked his ware with the large flowing B we have here copied. He died in the Bastille, about 1589, when he was ninety years of age, for he had imbibed the reformed faith, and perished a victim to intolerance, from whose baneful influence neither talent nor court favour formed a protection.

The German pottery of this period is remarkable for the boldness of its design, and the fancy of its enrichments. Arabesques, scripture stories, medallions, and inscriptions often cover its surface. It is frequently dated, and sometimes (but much less frequently) bears an initial of its maker's name.

The Delft potters marked their ware in a

B R R

similar way. We select three examples of the

* There are some few marks still unappropriated on old Italian majolica. It may be useful to note that there exists many, having at the back a mark consisting of a cross within a circle, in one of the quarters of which is a dot. Mr. Franks, of the British Museum, from a variety of circumstances, attributes these works to Pesaro, a town famous for productions of the kind.

middle of the seventeenth century, copied from Brongniart's *Traité des Arts Céramiques*.*

Marryatt says:—"The first European porcelain was made at Dresden, and the first European manufactory was established at Meissen, on the Elbe, near Dresden, under the auspices of Augustus II., Elector of Saxony and King of Poland." He reigned from 1697 to 1709, and his successor also patronised the works. Under such auspices the factory flourished greatly. The distinguishing mark upon its productions are two swords crossed. They are usually in blue, slightly or even rudely executed by a stroke or two of the painter's brush. From 1709 to 1712 the letters AR (signifying *Augustus Rex*) appear entwined. About 1720, the guard of each sword is elongated inwardly till it forms another cross. About 1778 a small circle is between their hilts; and in the same place a small star appears after 1796. The royal pieces are distinguished by the letters K.P.M., for *Königliche Porzellan Manufaktur*.

One of the foremen of the Dresden factory having fled his country was favourably received at Vienna, and the imperial factory commenced there in 1720. The mark adopted for this pottery is the shield displaying the arms of Austria. We engrave two specimens of the form; the larger being the older.

St. Cloud may be justly considered the parent of the French porcelain manufactories. Louis XIV. took great interest in its welfare. We engrave its mark; but after 1702, when the king granted the establishment great and exclusive privileges, it assumed for its mark the *Sun in Splendour*.

The manufactory founded in 1735, at Chantilly, which flourished under the auspices of the Prince de Condé, adopted for its distinguishing mark the bugle horn, with which the huntsmen made its beautiful woods resound at the royal hunting parties often held there.

That at Clignancourt, which was under the protection of the Duke of Orleans from 1750 to 1760, adopted the armorial bearings he wore as eldest son of the king, a label of three points, beneath which is the initial letter of the factory. When it was under the protection of Monsieur, the king's brother, in 1785, it bore a crowned M.

The world-renowned factory at Sèvres used for its mark from 1753 to 1760, a double L, in form of a Cypher. In 1763 the letter A was placed within the lower curves of the letters. In the year following the letter B was placed there to indicate that the object bearing that mark was made in 1754.

And thus regularly year by year a consecutive letter of the alphabet was used until Z was reached in the year 1776. All works from this factory can therefore be appropriated and dated by reckoning these letters as years. In 1777 they began a double alphabet, and used two A's; continuing a duplicate alphabet until 1794, when RR was the mark. The Revolution beginning a "new epoch" in the eyes of its rulers; from this period until the close of the century, the pottery was marked in blue with the letters FR entwined, as shown in our cut; or R.F. in plain capitals for *République Française*.

The consular epoch from 1800 to 1804 was marked by the inscription "M. N.L.E.," to indicate *Manufacture Nationale*, and the word *Sèvres* in small roman letters beneath. The imperial epoch was noted from 1804 to 1809 by "M. IMPL.E.," and from 1810 to 1814 by Napoleon's crowned eagle.†

* I may in the outset acknowledge my principal obligation to this work for the information I have obtained. Mr. Marryatt's book has also contributed much. I am indebted to Mr. Chaffers, of Bond Street, from whom the Museum of Economic Geology obtained its best examples of pottery, for the liberal communication of several unpublished potters' marks.

† It may be here noted, that in addition to these principal marks, the painters and gilders in the factory

Of the Paris factories, M. Brongniart has preserved the marks of that established by M. D'Hannong at the last quarter of the eighteenth century, which was the letter H. At the same period M. Morelle marked his work M.A.P., M. Souroux with the letter S. M. Loere in 1773 with a double blunted arrow, as exhibited in our cut; while M. Le Bouf, being under the protection of the Queen from 1780 to 1793, adopted a crowned A. as his mark.

The royal manufactory, founded by the Spanish king Charles III., soon after his accession to the throne in 1759, in the gardens of his palace near Madrid, to which the name of *El Buen Retiro* was given, produced some good works, known by the *fleur-de-lis* painted upon the glaze in various forms (three examples are here engraved), or else by a double C. the initial of the king's name. The

factory founded at an earlier period by the same sovereign is denoted by a crowned N. of the forms exhibited in our cut. Its productions are popularly known as "Capo di Monte" porcelain.

Other Neapolitan pottery of the last century is known by the rude representation of a *light-house*, from which a beacon hangs, or else by an equally rude representation of a *half-moon*.

The interlaced C. of the Madrid works is sometimes accompanied by a crown, and the letters so far modified beneath, that their significance might be lost at a first glance. The

Portuguese mark for the works at Vista Alegre, near Oporto, is a crown of a somewhat unusual form, and the initials of the factory beneath.

The imperial manufactory at St. Petersburg adopted for its mark the crowned monogram of the Emperor Nicholas I. The porcelain of the time of the Empress Catherine II. bears her monogram, or the Russian E.

At Frankenthal, in Bavaria, the mark adopted in 1755 was the crest of the Palatinate, a lion rampant. This was afterwards changed to the crowned letters C. T., the initials of the elector palatine, Charles Theodore. Two examples are here engraved. These marks are generally made in blue colour on the pottery.

Hanung, the founder of the Frankenthal factory, who died in 1761, used for his own mark the initials of his name, the first stroke of the H being dotted, to serve a double purpose, as shown in our cut: beneath which is a rude f, indicative of the locality, and numbers which vary according to the pattern of his china.

At Nymphenburg, in Bavaria, a factory was established in 1758, which is still in existence. Its early works bear two marks, here engraved. The first is an interlaced triangle or pentacle, surrounded by letters and numerals. The second is the arms of Bavaria.

In the same year the Duke of Wurtemberg established a pottery at Ludwigsberg. It bore for its mark a double C, coronetted: the initial of its founder Charles Eugene.

The Fulda pottery, established in the last century by the Prince Bishop, and ultimately closed about 1780, is

employed others to denote their own works. Some few of these are given in Brongniart's work, but a perfect series, from 1735 to 1800 (94 in number), are published by Marryatt.

known by its mark, a double F, which is sometimes surmounted by a prince's crown, as shown in our cut.

The royal factory at Berlin, established by Frederick the Great, adopted for its mark a somewhat rude representation of the royal sceptre, to which an eagle was added some time afterward. Latterly the imperial orb surmounted the letters K. P. M., as used at Meissen, and having the same significance.

The works proceeding from the royal manufactory at Copenhagen may be known by three waved lines in blue marked on their surface.

The mark adopted to distinguish the porcelain made at Tournay, from 1750 to 1800, might be confused with the renowned cross-swords of Dresden: the only distinction is the four small crosses by which they are accompanied.

The mystic *pentacle*, seen on the Nymphenburg pottery, is very similar to that made at Doccia, in Tuscany, here engraved. Sometimes a star was impressed and coloured on its surface, similar to that given as the mark of Lenove, and which is part of the arms of the Ginori family (three stars), of which the Duke of Lorraine, who founded the pottery, was a member.

The Mayence or Höchst pottery bears the arms of the archbishopric, a little gilded wheel sometimes surmounted by the electoral crown. On inferior pottery a red wheel was affixed, and a blue one on the most inferior kind. The pottery, founded in 1740, was abandoned in 1794, owing to the French invasion.

At Lenove, in Lombardy, a rudely formed star of six points marked the works.

The old pottery, formerly manufactured at Venice, is to be distinguished by a large double anchor in red, or by the letters Ven^a for *Venetia*, both of which marks are here engraved.

The pottery of Furstenburg in Brunswick, established in 1750, and which still exists, bore originally an F. of a very flowing character, as seen in our cut. The later work displays the same letter, but of the usual form adopted in italic capitals.

The works established in 1750 at Vineuf in Piedmont, originally bore for its mark the letter V. with a cross in the centre; beneath being D. G., indicative of the name of its founder, Dr. Gioanetti.

At Korzec in Poland, the pottery manufactured is impressed with a pyramid, and the name of the town beneath it.

The Thuringian porcelain factories originated about the middle of the last century at Rudolstadt, near Jena, and the letter R. denoted its works. The works afterwards established at Ravenstein in Saxe Meiningen, also in the district of the Thuringian forest, may be known from them by the letter R accompanied by a long dash, and a final small n., after the fashion adopted in books when a proper name is hinted at rather than expressed. At Limbach in the same district the mark adopted was the one engraved beside that last described. At Grosbrüthenbach it was a trefoil.

A rudely-executed figure of a fish was the mark adopted to distinguish the pottery made at Nyons, in the Canton de Vaud, Switzerland.* It was not established before the close of the last century. Marryatt is of opinion that the mark of a fish was suggested by the proximity of the town to the Lake of Geneva. The Zurich pottery was of earlier foundation (about the middle of the century), and the workmen adopted the letter Z in blue as a mark.

The Holland potteries were established last century during the Seven Years' War, when

the ruined state of the German potteries gave their neutral but industrious neighbours a chance of that profitable commerce they have always loved so well to pursue, while their friends fight around them. The Hague pottery, established in 1778, may be known by the rude figure of a stork in blue, either standing upon one leg, or flying from the marsh with a frog in his beak, as exhibited in our cut. The Amsterdam pottery is marked with an A.

We conclude our remarks with a notice of such of the English works as bear distinguishing marks. Though potteries were established in England, their works comprised the rough utilities, rivaling only the ordinary delf, but by no means equalling that fabric. The "Crouch ware," first made at Burslem in 1690, seems to have little to recommend it. The Elers about the same time improved its character in that vicinity. But the first and most important improvement in home manufactures was made in the establishments founded at Bow and Chelsea. They appear both to have been founded in the early part of the last century. The Bow china, which is exceedingly rare and valuable, may be known by a triangle stamped on it; but its most characteristic mark is a small bee, modelled and coloured, as if resting on its surface; a specimen of this very rare kind is in the Museum of Practical Geology. This bee was sometimes painted on the ware.

The Chelsea ware may be known by any one of the four marks here engraved; it is however right to state that specimens were frequently issued without any mark; therefore they can only be judged by the analogy they bear to others which have it, or to their general character of design and colouring. The earliest mark adopted was a small embossed oval, containing a raised anchor; then came the anchor with a cross beside it, painted in red. Latterly the anchor alone was used, as exhibited in the two forms at the bottom of our group. The first or coarsest was that ordinarily marked in red on the works. The second or finest, was delicately rendered in gold lines, and was used only upon such works as were considered *first-rate* by the manufacturer.

The Derby factory is the next in point of date. It was founded in 1751, but achieved no great celebrity until the discontinuance of the Chelsea manufactory, induced the principal workmen to migrate to it about 1765. The early mark of the Derby china is not known, but it was most probably a D, inasmuch as the Chelsea anchor was conjoined to the Derby D, to distinguish the products of this factory after its workmen had joined it. It rose to considerable celebrity in the reign of George III, and the royal crown was adopted as a mark, conjoined with another bearing a slight resemblance to the Dresden swords, the whole surmounting the usual D. These marks are usually in pink or violet; the better specimens have them in gold, after the style adopted at the Chelsea works. When the D and anchor were used, the ware so marked was termed *Chelsea-Derby*, and *Crown-Derby* when the other mark was adopted.

The Worcester factory was established in the same year as that at Derby through the exertions of Dr. Wall. The Chinese and Japanese wares were chiefly imitated, and the imitation carried so far as to fabricate the marks seen on the oriental porcelain. When a mark was used to distinguish their own ware, a *crescent* in blue was painted beneath the glaze. Marryatt says also that "much of the early Worcester bears a wavy mark, apparently a W, for the name of the city, or that of Dr. Wall." The potters afterwards adopted a sort of chequer, bearing a general

resemblance to a Chinese mark, showing their original labours.

The Plymouth porcelain works were established by Cookworthy, about 1760. Undoubted specimens are now very scarce; they may be distinguished by the mark here engraved. It is that used to indicate tin, and was probably adopted to denote the prevalence of that metal in that portion of the country from whence the materials were obtained for this ware.

The Swansea pottery, established about 1750, drew into it that of Nantgarw, about twelve miles north of Cardiff, which has the name of its locality painted in red or stamped on its surface. They were incorporated in 1817, and the ware marked *Swansea*, with the addition, in some instances, of the *trident*, here engraved,—marking a supposed superiority of manufacture.

It may be further useful to note that the Bristol pottery may be known by a blue cross marked upon it. The Leeds by a C. G., or an *arrow-head*; the Rockingham china by the *griffin*, the crest of the Marquis of Rockingham, who established it; the early Shropshire pottery by the letter S. The "prince of potters," Wedgwood, stamped his name in full—sometimes conjoined with that of his partner, Bentley—and also the place of its manufacture, the village he founded and named *Etruria*.

The custom thus sanctioned by Wedgwood has been imitated by the more modern potters, who have discarded marks—those enigmas to the majority—and have either sent their works into the world without any distinguishing stamp, or have claimed the credit of their labours by placing their names thereon. The only mark, in the proper sense of the word, now used, is that printed or impressed on such articles as are registered copyrights in design or fabrication, and it is the usual lozenge-shaped figure, subdivided and numbered according to the register kept by the proper officials.

The use of marks properly belongs to a past age, and partakes of the secrecy or whim which characterised it. It was a general fashion at an earlier period thus to mark every work of Art; but it is a taste now exploded. It began with artists and continues with them, although it is now very sparingly used. The objection to such usage is at once apparent in the fact that very few persons know, or can remember, the great variety of such marks adopted; and many possess old China without knowing its rarity and value. Mistakes often occur, and the possessor of a genuine piece of Dresden, Tournay, or Derby work, might readily be puzzled, by the similarity of the marks adopted for each. The fame of the Dresden factory, has led indeed to an attempt at this confusion; and its renowned cross-swords were purposely imitated in order to deceive. When they appear upon the Derby ware, with the addition of the D, it is difficult sometimes to persuade the possessor that he has not a genuine piece from the Dresden factory.

In selecting the present series of examples of potter's work, we have been actuated solely by the desire to place before the reader, such as are most generally met with, but the larger number are rarely found. Dresden and Sèvres are those which will most frequently demand attention. We have noted the varieties that accompany the characteristic fundamental mark of each factory, the cross-sword and flowing L, and a little consideration is all that will be required to enable any one to appropriate the porcelain he may wish to distinguish. It would far exceed our present limits to engrave every trifling variety, nor would it serve the purposes of that general utility which has alone been the aim of the present article to accomplish.

In a future article the marks used by gold and silversmiths will be considered, and specimens of the principal ones will be engraved. The field of investigation here is as varied and curious as that we have now cursorily gone over, and is quite worthy of attention.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

A FEW WORDS ON ART IN SOME GERMAN TOWNS.

Those who visit Germany with the object of becoming acquainted with the present condition of Art, do not fail to resort to Munich, Berlin, Düsseldorf, or Dresden, any of which centres of Art, it is well known, can afford an insight into the characteristics and excellences of the German schools. But persons who merely pass through Germany in order to seek out attractions situated beyond, such as those of Switzerland or Italy, are happy to meet, on the very route which they have chalked out, specimens of truly German Art, even though it be not supplied in that perfection or abundance with which Munich or Berlin can exhibit it.

Frankfort may be said to offer a pretty fair, perhaps a favourable example of what German Art is in second class towns, where no especial encouragement has been given by government. In France and England, Art in the provinces may be said to owe whatever eminence it possesses to the lustre reflected upon it from the capital; but in Germany, many towns there are (too independent to acknowledge any other as their capital, and yet too unimportant to claim for themselves that position) which, notwithstanding some national hindrances, manifest sufficient native energy, or sufficient direct intercourse with the most influential cities, to ensure to Art a flourishing or at least respectable position. It becomes evident, by observing the condition of Art in different states of Germany, that the large number of independent towns tends to produce a diffusion or equalisation of Art throughout that country; the reverse of that centralising influence which is paramount in England or France.

Although the town of Frankfort has possessed from time to time artists possessing at least a German reputation, it is only since the year 1816 that it can claim a position at all consistent with the wealth of its inhabitants. This favourable change is entirely owing to the sagacious liberality of a single individual, J. F. Städel, who, in his lifetime, took the necessary steps for the erection and management of a picture-gallery and Academy of Art combined. To this institution he bequeathed, besides his collection of pictures, the bulk of his property, to be appropriated to the further purchase of pictures, and other improvements to the collection, as well as to the annual expenses of the academy.

The pictures are distributed in four rooms, and (as far as space will permit) according to their schools. The first room contains the Italian, the second modern German and Flemish, the third the cinquecentisti, and the fourth adjoining room, the old Dutch masters. The marble bust of the founder occupies a conspicuous position in the third room with the early masters.

With the exception of two or three good pictures of the best Italian period, such as a Raphael, a Perugino, and a Correggio, there is little to detain the visitor in the first room; and although the third room contains very remarkable and rare specimens of early painting, the geometrical flatness and hard colouring conspicuous in these pictures will afford but little interest to the tourist who has not at his command those historical data which give an interest to the great step made in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries towards the regeneration of Art. Few, however, can be indifferent to the agreeable, diversified, and speaking subjects peculiar to the old Dutch and Flemish paintings exhibited in the fourth

room. One of the most attractive is an unusually good landscape by Wynants, a Vanderneer, and several other choice easel pictures of this school; whilst the middle room affords a pretty fair criterion of existing German Art. The largest and most conspicuous picture, by Lessing, of the Düsseldorf school, represents John Huss detained in the Dominican convent at Constance. The first sight of this picture is not satisfactory, as it denotes more attempt at colouring and chiar'oscuro than is usual with the German school,—an attempt which is not successfully carried out; whilst three friars sitting in a row, with red round hats and cloaks, are stiff and in bad taste. However, a more attentive examination of the picture brings out very considerable merits. The head of Huss, full of dignity, expresses a deep and impressive conviction of the truths expounded by him, whilst on the features of the bystanders the expressions of astonishment, anger, perplexing uncertainty, searching inquiry, and indifference, contrast one with another, admirably modified by the physical idiosyncrasies of the several individuals. Such different expressions far from clashing together, are rendered consistent and even harmonious by the common source of stirring emotion on which all alike depend.

In style, this large picture reminds the observer rather of the best historical pictures of Belgian artists, than of those of the true German school. There is a small picture skilfully painted by the same historical painter, representing the devastation left on the dwelling of a peasant by a storm which has passed by. There is a larger picture of a similar subject, by Becker (Professor in the Frankfort Academy), with the difference, that instead of exhibiting, as in Lessing's picture, the dwelling as a ruin, and the owner slain, the cottage is here on fire, whilst the cottager severely wounded, is surrounded by his family and friends. It is a perfect, though very melancholy episode. Alarm, affection, and tenderness are forcibly and pathetically expressed in the features and attitudes of the bystanders. Some press on to see the wounded man, others already tender their relief; all are represented with the simplicity which characterises the actions of the peasantry: and these are most thoroughly German in their features, their costume, and their air of neatness and comfort. It seems surprising that a country possessing a Goldsmith, a Thompson, and a Wordsworth, cannot, as well as Germany, represent these pastoral scenes in their true epic spirit. However, a trace of the usual German flatness is observable in this painting.

Another of the more striking pictures is a sea-storm by Achenbach. The mere wreck of the ship is pitched on end in the breakers, of which the breadth of foam is well painted, whilst the rocky coast is very wild and menacing. There is more grandeur and mastery of composition than is usual with such subjects, but the clouds of the sky are heavy, unsoftened by the requisite amount of transparent air.

A large landscape by H. Funk represents distant Alpine ranges; they are glowing with the evening redness, and being painted with a hard outline and marked details, look very near and false. It is evident that strong colour will not associate in the distance with defined boundaries. If vivid colour exist in distant parts, it must be in the atmosphere, spread with soft gradation, and not too local. In a small picture by W. Pose, a Düsseldorf artist, the peculiarities of a Swiss atmosphere are much more satisfactorily rendered. The deep blue of

the remote mountains is quite natural, and the sharpness of their outline perfectly consistent with that climate. There is another picture by the same artist, hung rather high up; the subject is very neatly put together.

Some of the old Flemish pictures are mixed up with the modern German; such as an admirable winter-piece by Vermöhler, a Cuyp, not a landscape, but the portrait of a boy with a red cap, red cheeks, and a red jacket; just the same kind of colour as the glow of that master's sunsets and red sandbanks; also a beautiful landscape or two by Omerganch, a painter of the last century. His trees have quite the touch of Both; there is also his grace and ease, combined with a finish perhaps too soft and velvety for an oil picture. Calame, in an Alpine torrent, does not sustain his reputation so far spread on the Continent for Swiss scenery; nor is Leys, of whom such charming little genre subjects are to be seen in Belgium, equal to himself in an out-of-door scene before a cottage. It however affords an insight into the peculiar modulations of transparent deepening shadows which pervade his subjects. A cattle-piece by Verbeekhoven, however, well supports the character of the modern Belgian school. It is one of the most carefully and truthfully painted of any of his works. His sheep seem breathing, and to enjoy the warmth and comfort of their soft woollen envelopes. A landscape, representing a view on the coast of Villa Franca, by Morgenstern, a Frankfort artist, is one of the brightest, most delicate, and harmonious of the collection. He has studied much in Italy, and represents better perhaps than any other foreign artist, the peculiar rich azure of the Mediterranean in sunny weather. The finished paintings which I saw at this artist's studio showed the same acute feeling for the delicate tints of sky and water. I regretted to see that few of the many pictures which were begun had received the finishing process.

Amongst the choice and valuable specimens of the early masters in the Frankfort gallery, there is a large picture by the living artist Overbeck, representing the triumph of religion; which chimes in so completely with the hardness of style, and surface-distribution of the subject, characteristic of the early paintings, that few who are not acquainted with Overbeck's style would believe it to be modern. The taste requires to be formed in some measure on the pre-Raphaelite period, in order to acquiesce in the high degree of merit attributed to this picture. In an adjoining room, there are some cattle-pieces by a Frankfort artist of the seventeenth century, —Hendrick Roos. One of these is a very beautiful picture both as to the composition, and the painting of the cattle. Some very grotesque ruins in the background remind you of the pictures of his son, surnamed *Rosa di Tivoli*; whilst the execution of the figures resembles that of Berghem. This artist paints much more delicately than Rosa di Tivoli, and seems to show in the perfection of his work, his great fondness for the subjects which he has selected. The only defect that one could wish removed, is a certain stony greyness observable here and there in the colour of the animals and peasants. These tints may be intended for cool reflexions, but look too much like those patches of ill-chosen local colour which disfigure some of the otherwise amusing subjects of Linglebach.

Hendrick Roos is not the only artist nor the most ancient of those who have reflected on this town a certain amount of Art-reputation. These good painters ap-

peared however at rare intervals; and it is only since the establishment of the academy, that a permanent body of artists exists capable of giving a very favourable impulse to this branch of education in Frankfort, and of raising the standard of taste amongst its inhabitants. These masters have studios assigned to them at the academy. Professor Steinle, historical painter, distinguishes himself for that sentimental character of the German school which borders sometimes on allegory, sometimes on mystery, and is always expressed by form, rather than by effect or colour. The few pictures which I saw of this artist, in progress, disclose great power of invention, and contain much interesting narrative that is not discovered in a hasty survey. Herr Becker, whose picture of the storm-smitten cottagers forms one of the chief attractions of the gallery, is also one of the professors of the academy. The works of other Frankfort artists, such as Professor Veith, historical painter, and Herr Passavant, director of the academy, and several others, may be seen at the Kaiser Saal, or Town Hall, where there is a long series of full-length portraits of the German emperors by various artists, several of whom possess great merit. In the way of sculpture, there is at present little at Frankfort worthy of attention, with the exception of the celebrated Ariadne of Dannecker. Herr Launitz appears to be the sculptor of highest repute now residing at Frankfort; his studio contains an interesting collection of ethnological busts, exhibiting, in serial order, the gradations of the human face from the point which is most barbarous and degenerate, to the highest stage of development and perfection. They are taken from very marked and characteristic models. In the gardens of the academy is the yet unfinished group by this sculptor, of Guttenberg and his coadjutors Schäfer and Faust, about to be erected on the Rossmarkt. The copy of this monument is, however, already to be seen in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. Most of the sculptured decorations in the court of mediæval art are also by this master.

There are many towns in Germany less important than Frankfort, which have also their Academy of Art, and which, it would seem, exercise no small influence on the general improvement and extension of Art throughout Germany. Many towns also have collections which would require to be brought more prominently before travellers to be appreciated. In Cassel, for instance, (capital of Hesse Cassel,) there is a very remarkable work of sculpture in the pavilion adjoining the palace, not of the first order, but very original and elaborate, and forming as it were, the life's labour of the artist Monnot, of the eighteenth century. The remote town of Lubeck, besides other interesting works of Art, contains a remarkable Tintoretto and other Italian pictures, a monument by Canova, and, locked up in the cathedral, seven panels representing the sufferings of Christ, by what artist is unknown, although they are described by W. Schadow, director of the Academy at Berlin, as being the most beautifully executed paintings seen by him.

But following the more usual route of travellers, there is much that is worth a little pains and trouble to become acquainted with. At Cologne, for instance, in the museum, are to be found some very good pictures of the old German and Flemish masters, such as Cranius or Krauch, Holbein, Krause, and also a good Jordaens; but a wretched *locale*, the most unfavourable light, the want

of arrangement, combined with the mixture of some indifferent modern pictures, almost suffice to discourage the visitor before he has penetrated to the last chamber,—where a picture of the captivity of the Jews reposing by the waters of Babylon, by the modern German artist Bendemann, in itself completely rewards a visit to the museum, by its superiority in every particular which constitutes the perfect work of Art. The prints, which give a very good idea of this fine and essentially classical composition, will dispense, on my part, with any further particulars, which could not possibly do justice to it within a limited space. Even the truly commercial town of Mayence has an academy and a few not uninteresting pictures of the old masters, especially of the Flemish school; but they are so mixed up with bad copies, and pictures of doubtful origin, that the collection is spoilt as a gallery, notwithstanding the suitability of the building. As the tourist steps across the German frontier into the town of Bâle, he should by no means fail to visit the collection of Holbein's pictures in the old library: a series of these, representing on a small scale the agonies and sufferings of Christ, are probably amongst the most finished, powerfully executed, and in other respects most complete, by this artist. There are also some family drawings of interest.

The indifferent repute of such collections as these, relatively speaking, serves to enhance the advantages resulting to the town of Frankfurt from the recent establishment of its well-organised picture-gallery. One of the best rules enacted by its founder is that pictures of inferior quality should be successively removed, and replaced by others of superior merit purchased for that object. Thus the collection has constantly improved in quality rather than in extent. This Gallery, which reflects the greatest credit on its founder, might serve as a model for similar institutions established in Germany or other countries.

H. TWISING.

A WALK THROUGH THE STUDIOS OF ROME.*

GERMAN AND AMERICAN ART AT ROME.

PART V.

THE majestic Palazzo di Venezia, dark, gloomy, and solemn, the only "bit" of gothic architecture in all Rome, with its heavy machicolated front and massive castellations, had always attracted my admiration. There it stands alone in its glory, a suggestive and eloquent memorial of feudal times;—times when Venice ruled the azure main as Britannia does in these modern days,—when the Doge espoused his fickle bride, and yearly dropped the emblematic ring into the surging Adriatic,—when proud galliots bearing rich argosies rode forth from its tide-swept streets to war and to conquer in the remotest corners of the East,—when Othello woo'd and won the gentle Desdemona—and the old Foscari was driven forth down the golden stairs, through the richly sculptured gallery out by the great portal,—where the gondolas wafted stalwart warriors "for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit," within the shade of dark curtains, to their Ladye Loves,—and music, soft and gentle as the complainings of love, mingled with the lusty sounds of war and commerce, in the scented gales that swept those deep-blue waves. Such and much

more are the suggestive memories clinging to the stately walls of the old feudal pile—half fortress, half palace, that so proudly repels the advance of modern encroachment, repulsing as it were the surrounding buildings,—the gilded halls of the Torlonia, the Buonapartes, and the Doria, with a *noli me tangere* look, actually articulate so far as architectural language can speak.

But I must clip the wings of my Pegasus, who has fairly ran off in praise of that dear old palace,—and in good jog-trot prose go on to tell how one sunny morning, turning from out the busy streets in the most crowded parts of Rome, where all is life, animation, and Italian noise, I was suddenly transported into a lonely scene of silent beauty—a scene which had one observed it as the background of a picture, would have enforced admiration by reason of its excessive picturesqueness. Around the richly-tinted old building, warmed by the suns of centuries, runs a lofty arched colonnade, resting on massive pillars; in the centre a luxuriant grass-plot where a fountain shoots upwards in a pillar of silvery spray. Bordering the marble basin, waves a grove of lofty plane-trees. Solitude and silence reign supreme, not a sound penetrates from the surrounding streets, nothing moves, save now and then some grey pigeons nestling among the capitals of the columns. In one corner the galleried tower of the church of San Marco, attached to the palace, brown and sun-burnt, cuts the azure sky; further on a dark mass of building, the Jesuits' church, rises out of a luxuriant grove or shrubbery, entirely shading that portion of the ample cortile. In one corner there is a steep winding-stair leading up a tower, which I ascended, holding on by a rope, a certain distance, half-way perhaps, and came out of a low door on a stone balcony, where trailing plants wreathed the outer walls, where there were birds and sunshine, and the balmy scent of flowers. In the midst of this inexpressibly picturesque *entourage* is a studio—a regular Roman studio, in itself a study and a picture—(with the solemn pillared cortile below, the whispering trees, their branches bending low as in amorous embrace over the echoing fountain, the gay plumage of the birds, and the brilliant hues of the many-coloured flowers tinted with various shades like the wings of Iris)—and within—now reader, what was there within that wide door?—A gem of the first water, a noble picture, one of the best modern historical paintings at this moment in Rome. I only wish I could describe it as it deserves, and place it before your distant glances as it met mine!

The subject of the picture, of sufficient size to fill one side in any of the great halls within the adjoining palace, is an incident which occurred in the commencement of the Thirty-Years' War, and which may indeed be considered as the ostensible cause of that famous conflict. Ferdinand II, Emperor of Germany, had begun his reign under the most unfavourable auspices; religious disputes between the catholics and the protestants divided the empire—the Austrian states not only refused the oaths of allegiance, but Count Thurn, the boldest of the malcontents, actually besieged Vienna, the protestant citizens rising *en masse* to support the rebellion. Ferdinand found himself a prisoner within his palace walls. No alternative remained but instant flight or a prison; yet although all human help seemed vain, he firmly resisted, in the entire belief that in defending catholicism he was defending the cause of God, and that *He* would deliver him in this his great necessity. Already the balls pointed by the insurgents

penetrate the imperial Hoffburg, already the shouts of an exulting enemy harshly salute his ears, already sixteen rebel nobles, having forced their way into the palace, suddenly appear and insolently insist on his placing himself at the head of their confederation.

The painter has chosen this dramatic moment as the subject of his composition. Ferdinand stands alone somewhat to the right in the foreground, repulsing with calm yet haughty determination, the obtrusive advances of the protestant deputation who, with insolent and impetuous eagerness is resolved by threats and violence to force him to sign the Augsburg Confession which one holds in his hand. The Emperor knows his danger, anxiety clouds his lofty brow, but his resolution is unshaken, he will rather die than yield. The deputation occupying the foreground, forms a really magnificent group—obstinacy, rage, impatience, apprehension, are variously expressed in each of the three figures immediately in front,—they are assaulting their sovereign, and they tremble. In front a vulgar hard-faced democrat, a kind of German "Praise God Bare-bones" with furious gesture presses on the Emperor, holding a pen in his outstretched hand; one almost hears him speak so life-like is the action. Count Thurn, a commanding figure, in the act of rushing forwards, turns his fine countenance in profile. Opposed to this stormy tide stands the royally appalled monarch,—"every inch a king," his extended arms and questioning expression, seeming to interrogate with dignified expostulation the presumption of his rebellious nobles. At his back is an altar surmounted by a crucifix; lofty gothic arches rise beyond, while behind, under the shadow of the massive sculptured walls, a desperate fight is going forward. The outward and visible demonstration of the noble rebels, about to commit criminal violence on their sovereign, is but a phase of the drama; they had come armed to the palace, but at the very moment chosen by the painter, the royal party, unexpectedly reinforced by the troops of General Bongnoi, has triumphed, and an attendant advances with desperate staring haste to apprise the hardly-pressed monarch that he is free.

This admirably expressed dramatic incident is echoed, so to say, in the background of the picture, where a crowded assemblage of protestant courtiers, nobles, and priests, are escaping in pell-mell confusion up a broad flight of stairs into the interior recesses of the palace, opening in a gorgeous perspective beyond. Nothing can exceed the finely-conceived confusion of those flying figures; it is a rare specimen of composition. Many have their backs turned, some are looking round with a terrified glance at the hostile issue of the struggle in the court below, one stands quite still as if transfixed by the withering aspect of indignant majesty. It is a glorious *saute qui peut*; rage, and spite, and chagrin, are expressed in the very backs of those retreating figures.

After this description I need scarcely add that the composition throughout is bold and masterly. The costumes are admirably appropriate and picturesque, each figure wears its particular dress as if it really belonged to a living being, not like stray rags placed on a lay figure. The colouring is excellent, vivid, and telling, yet perfectly harmonious and free from glare. The different gradations are admirably balanced; one sees the same greens, the same blues and yellows, occurring all over the picture, producing a most soothing and agreeable effect. The figure

* Continued from p. 355, volume for 1854.

of the King attired in a rich golden yellow robe which has caught in its folds the living radiance of the sunshine, admirably blends with the robe of the principal conspirator—he of the pen—who wears a velvety buff suit; while the deep red of the Count de Thurn who stands next, tends to heighten the effect of both. The architectural details are grandly appropriate, and at the same time novel in treatment: one bit of the palace wall seen in perspective, broken with coloured marbles, pillars, rich hangings and radiant pictures, is quite a study.

In style Wurzinger, the painter of this work, may be considered a follower of De la Roche, whose historic-dramatic treatment he closely imitates. Two years have been occupied in the completion of this picture which now appears a perfect work, proudly contradictory of any surmises as to the decline of historical painting within the walls of the western capital.

Among the many plans for the encouragement of German Art which have originated with the King of Prussia, that of erecting a protestant cathedral at Berlin is the most important. The building is yet in embryo, but happily for the present generation, the great Cornelius was called on to adorn it by his genius. He has executed various designs, European in their celebrity, for the Campo Santo to be attached to the cathedral; and he is now engaged on a drawing for the fresco intended to occupy the tribune. This is one of the most important works of modern times. Cornelius before commencing requested and obtained permission to execute the design at Rome, where he might renew and refresh his fancy by the contemplation of the greatest works of ancient and modern times. When I visited his studio I was delighted with the man himself, there is much of the simplicity of genius in his conversation and manners, joined to a hearty unaffected friendliness thoroughly German. His great work stood on an easel before him, and he explained to us the symbolical portions with the utmost good-nature.

Christ occupies the centre of the composition, a majestic figure full of solemn dignity—now appearing to the world as a Judge, no longer as a Saviour. He is upheld by the mystic symbols of the Evangelists—the Lion, the Ox, the Eagle, and the Angel. Bearing up the Nimbus that surrounds him, angels and cherubims hover. In the uppermost portion of the picture five graceful angels display the *insignia* of the Passion. Christ is thus represented in his divine and human character. The moment has arrived when he himself appears to evidence the truth of his warnings; the Judgment-day is come, but sentence is not yet pronounced. He pauses, and during the awful moment earth and heaven lie prostrate expectant before his throne. The Baptist, stern to the last, the implacable preacher of repentance, stands at his right hand; he has yet time to point to him as the Messiah he announced, and the Virgin, the incarnation of womanly sympathy, may yet call on him to have mercy. With downcast looks and upraised hands she stands to the left of Christ, supported on a cloud—"a most sweet saint," bending with persuasive grace, as if deprecating the divine wrath. On either hand, in attitudes of almost passionate adoration, stand the righteous in white garments, and the four-and-twenty elders, bowed to the earth as they offer their crowns to the Beloved. Lower down, in a half-circle on either side of the Saviour, appear the Apostles and holy Fathers of the first covenant, as well as the Martyrs, their successors in suffering—"they

who have come out of great tribulation,"—holding palms of eternal victory in their hands. In the midst, dividing the witnesses of Christ, are the celestial messengers grouped together, bearing the terrible trumpets about to echo to the end of space. As with the holy apostles and martyrs the visible and miraculous evidence of the divine mission ends—from that period all things returning into the established course of nature—so in the lower portion of the picture architectural severity and symmetrical regularity is no longer observed, and the artist allows himself to follow more freely the promptings of his imagination. The heavenly messengers are grouped with the utmost dramatic power, every face turned towards Christ in varied attitudes of adoration and expectation. In the centre lies one bearing a book, the Book of Life—the chronicle of the sons of men—and as the awful record is yet closed, the head of him who bears it is mysteriously veiled. Michael Angelo himself could have conceived nothing grander than these figures.

At this part, the centre of the composition, the fathers and teachers of the first centuries are ranged across the picture, not in severe regular order as the Apostles and Martyrs above, but as on each teacher individual responsibility rests, so each appears separate, complete in himself. As a representation of the ecclesiastical aspect of the middle ages this portion is powerfully and justly conceived. Amongst these venerable fathers appears Gregory of Nazianzen, not in his episcopal robes, or with the evidences of priestly or wordly dignity—but reposing on the ground in a loose garment. Near him are St. Jerome and Origen, Cyrill with uplifted hands, Ignatius and Gregory the Great. The upper and spiritual division is linked with earth by two ladders occupying the extreme right and left of the picture, on one side the angelic messengers descend to earth, on the other the souls of the blessed, and the incense of prayer and praise ascend to heaven. On the upper step to the right rests Michael the executor of the Almighty's will, clothed in armour, a celestial knight superb in beauty; but before he enters on his awful mission he awaits the sentence of *Justice*, who, seated a step lower, holds the world-scale in her hand. Lower down appear numerous figures and groups of blessed ones, bearers of rewards and punishments. Three angelic figures in particular are of extreme beauty, one bearing the laurel of glory, the others the palm of peace, and the crown of thorns, intended for those who in pain and suffering have proved their love to God. These three Christian Graces, light and shadowy as the cloudy vapour that supports them, are perhaps the most poetic and tender feature in the whole composition. Words cannot convey the charming elegance of their attitudes.

As the dispensers of the heavenly gifts descend on one side, on the opposite ladder earth communicates with heaven. Here an angel holds a vessel of incense, whose rich perfume mounts towards God, emblematic of the supplications of men; a second bears up a drooping form, symbolising a lost soul saved: among a group of other angels one appears as the protector of innocence, in the form of a child attacked by a serpent; while another bears a vessel wherein lie men's good and bad works, and a third the palm of victory. In the centre of the lower portion of the picture an altar appears, surmounted by a cross, around which the Prussian monarch and his family kneel, grouped with the utmost grace, on a graduated platform.

There is a young English artist at Rome, Gatley by name, who possesses a remarkable talent for basso rilievo. He has a very poetic conception of his subject, as well as considerable facility in carrying out his ideas. The destruction of the Egyptians in the Red Sea—a most difficult subject to execute in sculpture—has afforded him an excellent opportunity for displaying his abilities. The proud monarch who mocked at the Jewish Jehovah, standing in his war-chariot, is about to be overwhelmed by the surging billows steadily advancing to engulf him. Already every wave is crested by an Egyptian corpse,—horses and their riders are strewn around him, yet he drives on, urging his fiery steeds still deeper into the watery chaos. There is a movement and an action about the composition highly to be commended. Another basso rilievo, called "The Poet's Dream," pleased me extremely. A youth lies sleeping in the foreground, beyond is a vague expanse—the infinite, with here and there a turret or a wall, the time—night—being indicated by the rising moon; while far above, "in spangled sheen," a fairy queen and her attendant sprite, seated in a car, glide onwards, borne on the ambient air. The reins lie motionless in her hands, the magic car is impelled by the force of her will, its rapid motion expressed by the violent action of the horses, who tear and rend the clouds as they rush onwards. There is much skill in the complicated forms of those four horses, prancing, plunging, bounding forwards, forming a perfect mystery of limbs, where every nerve and muscle are marked. This violent action, contrasted with the dreamy character of the composition, has a strange unreality about it exceedingly expressive of the wildly contradictory incidents called up by the imagination during sleep. An unfinished sketch of "Miriam going out with the Jewish Women to meet their victorious Brethren," strongly reminded me of some of Flaxman's designs. The women are gracefully grouped in various attitudes of triumphant rejoicing; some dance in "Ly-dian measures," others with their hands high above their heads make joyful music, while Miriam in the centre, bearing the timbrel in her hand, seems in a burst of enthusiasm about to exclaim, "Sing ye to the Lord, for he has triumphed gloriously, the horse and his rider has he thrown into the sea." Various other bassi rilievi of classical subjects attest the variety of Mr. Gatley's powers. * * *

I have cursorily mentioned the name of Rudolf Lehman in a former chapter. A late visit to his studio has enabled me to form some judgment of his talent as an artist, and, in particular, the happy art he possesses of imparting an individual character—sometimes romantic, sometimes historic—to his poetic readings of every-day Italian life. This linking together the rich and suggestive details of southern scenery with great names of world-wide fame, around whose forms mighty fancies gather, is a pictorial faculty worthy of a master hand. It bespeaks at once a poetic imagination, and an earnest and faithful love and observation of the varying phases of the many-hued nature in this lovely land. Lehman has lately completed a large picture, which now occupies a conspicuous position at the French Exposition. The subject is taken from an episode in Lamartine's "Confidences," and occurred during his wild lazzaroni life in the island of Procida. It is impossible to do justice to this romantic tale, or the charming picture which records it, without reading the French poet's glowing description.

He and his friend, in company with an old fisherman, whose fortunes they have followed during an entire summer, after undergoing all the terrors of impending death during a tremendous storm, land in safety on the shores of the island of Procida, which lies like an emerald flower enclosed by the blue waves of the ever-beautiful Bay of Naples. The fisherman possesses a little vine-trellised hut on the shore; he has an old wife, and a lovely, motherless granddaughter, Graziella by name, who with her little brother, Beppo, is supported by the old man. Graziella, awakened by their arrival, looks out of the window; the scented breeze sighs through the orange groves, her raven hair hangs like a night-cloud about her face. She looks out of the window to greet her grandsire, whom she believes alone, and shrinks back on beholding his guest; but Lamartine has seen her, or rather, as he believes, the Spirit of the Night, clad in mortal mould of ineffable loveliness. He has seen her,—that is enough.

Those who desire to follow the pathetic phases of this first and innocent love, must seek it out for themselves. I can only act as the interpreter to the picture, which represents Lamartine seated on the roof or *astrico* of the house, reading aloud "Paul and Virginia" to the peasant family. They are wrapt in the deepest attention; the old man has forgotten to draw the smoke from his pipe, which has gone out; his wife sits with her hands clasped on her knees, the very attitude in which the ignorant poor crouch on the marble floors of rich and honoured shrines to listen to the word of God; Beppo, the boy, a Neapolitan *girello*, various and erratic as the ever-fitting lizards on his native rock, has thrown aside his guitar; his hand rests softly on the cords, lest the evening breeze should interrupt the reader's voice by the faintest echo; that wild child of the fiery south is subdued; he listens with his glowing eyes. Lamartine himself is seated on a wall, somewhat above his auditory, one hand is outstretched as though lending force to the tale, while with the other he holds the book. There is a simple, quiet dignity about the face and attitude of the young poet, an earnest loving expression in his handsome face, that lends an uncommon truthfulness to the whole composition. It is evident that he is as much enraptured with the book, as much robbed from himself, as the breathless peasants around him. But there nestles one close beside him, also seated on that sunburnt wall, whose whole soul has passed into her eyes, which are riveted upon him. Graziella, attired in the picturesque costume of her native island, borrowed from the classic Greeks, whose descendants inhabit it, sits a little lower than her lover, leaning on her hand in the precise attitude of the Dying Gladiator, so that her lovely eyes, melting with love and overflowing with tears as the sad climax of the tale draws on, gaze with unutterable fondness upon him, drinking in each word of the soft Italian that flows from those loved lips. The others think of the book,—she dreams but of him, the bright stranger who has come like a stray star from an unknown firmament, shedding light, and poetry, and love across the lonely solitude of her path. Poor Graziella! there is a world of eloquent love breathing from the depths of those tell-tale eyes. All honour to the artist who has so cunningly rendered the incipient dawnings of a life-long passion, a passion fated to consume and shiver that fragile form ere the moral be reached. This is painting with ideas as well as forms truly.

Beyond, the eye ranges over an imaginary and unreal world, darkening in the rapid twilight of an Italian evening, gathering over piled-up masses of distant mountain-tops, grey and sad. The moon is just rising out of the all-encircling sea that clasps the poetic group in its cold embrace. It is the Bay of Baia, and beyond, in the pale distance, is the Cape of Misenum stretching out into the deep mystery around. This dreamy, hazy background, heavy with the mists of evening, is admirably suited to the poetic abstraction of the figures in the foreground. No rude reminder of the real is there to call one back from the loving fancies invoked by the scene, and the low tone of colour and extreme simplicity of the composition assists the mind in its contemplation of the old-new tale of woman's love and man's heartless treachery. I can only say of the artistic merits of this picture that the sentiment goes so directly to the heart, criticism, were it necessary, must be mute; Graziella's burning tears are all but contagious.

There are many other charming specimens of Lehman's power, less painfully truthful, around the walls of his studio, many of which have been engraved, and are universally admired. There are some excellent cartoons of Abruzzi peasants; and a little Roman beggar-girl, so bright, and arch, and glowing, her eyes actually seem starting from the canvas. This has been four times repeated, and Lehman swears he will paint it no more. There are also some admirable portraits.

The studio is a picture too in its way. It consists of a delightful suite of rooms at the very top of a palazzo in the Ripetta; an open balcony or *galleria*, where the sun always shines—a most romantic, lover-like *galleria*, suggesting midnight meetings, music, moonlight, rope-ladders, and all the paraphernalia of Italian intrigue. Beneath runs the sullen current of the turbid Tiber, rushing onwards to the Ausonian strand; beyond lies the verdant expanse of what once were the Quintillian meadows, stretching upwards to where Monte Mario, with its funereal coronet of cypress, cleaves the turquoise sky. Opposite, glorious and radiant as the mystic bride descended from on high "in her raiment of needlework," stands in its sublime length and breadth, its broad columned and cupolaed magnificence, St. Peter's, backed by the stately Vatican, with such incredible lines of halls, and corridors, and galleries, that one rubs one's eyes, and asks, like the princess in the fairy tale, whether we are not bewitched by some naughty sprite, and seeing double.

People at Rome and in England have a very mistaken appreciation of the development of Art among the Americans. They are generally supposed to be of too positive and practical a turn of mind, too much engrossed with the stern realities of life to waste the precious hours in worshipping at the shrine of Art; yet this is a great mistake, whether arising from prejudice or ignorance I cannot say, but at all events utterly false. The American school of Art, as developed at Rome, evinces both excellence, earnestness, and true feeling for Art; it is a school of promise, bidding fair to take its place, and hold its head aloft in the great artistic republic. Consistently carrying out their national views, or, rather, more properly speaking, founding their impressions on the same broad basis on which rest their religious and political creeds, the American artists are essentially eclectic. Untrammelled by the dogmatism of any particular school, ranging at pleasure through the accumulated treasures of by-

gone centuries, spread before them in the wondrous galleries of Italy, they faithfully and earnestly propose to imitate all that is beautiful, without considering whence it comes or whither it may lead them. They surrender up their souls to the guidance of their artistic conscience, and, like true republicans, refuse to bow down before any graven images of conventional tyranny. The gods of Greece are to them no gods at all, unless they lead them towards an ideal heaven, where their imagination may revel in contemplation of unalloyed natural beauty. There is something grand and elevating, as well as fresh and enthusiastic, in this simple worship of Art for its own sake, contradistinguished to the dogmatic subjection of prescribed rules enforced by antagonistic schools. But they must beware, however, as a body, of pushing this realistic tendency too far, and take example by the gross mannerism into which the eclectic teaching of the Caracci fell, when it degenerated into the purely naturalistic treatment, instead of ripening into rich and varied style, combining the excellences of the classical schools with a more accurate attention of simple nature. If they avoid this fatal error they may succeed in founding a school of their own, as original and progressive, as vital and cosmopolite, as their own political constitution. American artists, with their natural gifts, and their ardent love and eager search of the Beautiful and the True wherever it exists, may solve the artistic problem as successfully as their rulers have already done the political one, and display to the world the same all-embracing universality in Art as their country has achieved in the formation of its government, appropriating and incorporating what is proved to be excellent, while it rejects the worn-out traditions of fallen or decaying systems. All success to the imperial athlete, strong and vigorous with young life; may her artistic progression go hand in hand with her glorious political freedom. Such names as Crawford and Power are an earnest of success. No one, indeed, can acquaint himself with the American studios of Rome and Florence without auguring a brilliant future for her artists; if they will only be content to lay a firm foundation of academic study, their very residence in these cities must be accepted as an evidence of their desire to purify their taste, and to draw truth and knowledge from the fountain head.

These remarks on the school of Art have been elicited by visits to various American studios at Rome, studios known and valued by their countrymen, but, with one or two exceptions, strangely overlooked by English visitors to the great city. Of Crawford, Page, Mozier, Freeman, and Rogers, I have spoken; to these names I may add several.

Mr. Terry is an historical painter of acknowledged eminence; in general harmony and simplicity, and in the arrangement of details he somewhat reminded me of Maclise, who possesses the art of combining the most incongruous elements into a whole so fascinating to the eye, one must dissect each separate portion of the picture to become aware of the difficulties he has surmounted. Terry has lately painted a large picture of Columbus appearing before Ferdinand and Isabella, the scene laid in a grand hall supported by rich Saracenic columns within the palace of Barcelona. To the left are seated the King and Queen under a canopy of state, around them appear all the pomp and circumstance of a court—lovely women, grey haired counsellors, dignified nobles, dainty pages, stern ecclesiastics, admirably grouped

round the steps of the throne. In the foreground stands Columbus, finely niched, as it were, between the overarching pillars. He is recounting his adventures, and his whole figure breathes the glowing enthusiasm, the gratified excitement, which animate his soul at the proud moment when he greets his royal patrons on his successful return. Yet there is a tempered dignity in his attitude—a rising “all gently” as Hamlet has it, that imparts force and power to his expressive features. His white hair falls in long curls about his open neck, his face turned in profile has a look of iron determination, his eye gleams with a hidden fire, as he tells of the various countries, the unknown islands, the fruitfulness of the soil, the beauty of their hidden valleys, the precious metals bursting forth among primeval forests which he has seen. As he proceeds, the colour has mounted to his pale cheek, his eyes have acquired a deeper glow, for now, passing from these baser and more worldly details, he bursts forth into an enthusiastic peroration touching the noble field afforded for Christian zeal in converting these unknown races from the worship of idols to a belief in the true God. As he speaks one hand is upraised, his finger pointing significantly upwards, as if appealing to the invisible in solemn confirmation of his words. The Queen, eminent for her sincere piety, is touched by his eloquence;—she echoes his enthusiasm, and with upturned eyes, and clasped hands, listens with pious joy to the mighty plans for Christian enterprise which unfold before her imagination.

Behind Columbus is an admirable group of Indians, tall, bold, and stalwart, their ample limbs adorned with barbaric gold and gems, bearing the savage weapons of their native land,—the deadly arrow and the fatal spear. Columbus, the great pioneer, stands as the link between the old and the new world, allied to both by his sympathies, by his intellect, by his energy, by his courage. These Indians, strange elements in a court circle,—rude, rugged barbarians, gazing around with looks of mingled defiance and wonder,—are the living witnesses of his half-fabulous recital, disastrous chances, hair-breadth escapes, and “moving accidents by flood and field.”

The low tone of colour in which the picture is painted adds effect to its dramatic treatment. I am glad to observe that the American painters generally, from a sincere desire of imitating the old masters, have adopted this style of colouring. This judicious avoidance of all that is glaring or trickery in style, is indicative of a sound judgment in Art, specially commendable in painters who have no artistic traditions of national and admitted excellence to guide them; they have read the great masters for themselves, and they have read them well.

As an historical painter Mr. Edwin White deserves honourable mention. Several excellent pictures evidence his talent, one in particular, “Columbus receiving the Sacrament before his Departure,” pleased me extremely; it has a fine gothic interior, and there is an old monk looking on at the ceremony and at the bold adventurer about to depart, with ignorant and stolid mockery,—that is admirable. I regret that space will not allow me to detail more fully his works. Tiltan and Brown are excellent landscape painters, who have quite revelled in the pictorial beauties around them.

Before concluding my brief survey of American Art at Rome I must not forget Mr. Ives, whose works are distinguished by

much feeling for domestic sentiment. His “Pandora” is one of the prettiest and most entrancing statues I have seen for many a day. It possesses that delicate and sympathetic expression which at once lays violent hold on the fancy; the *anima* is so charming that it fairly captivates the imagination, and one gazes on under the kind of spell with which we repeat the cadence of some old song with a soft harmonious rhythm. Pandora is represented in the first blush of womanhood, slight, delicate, refined; there is rather the promise of beauty than its actual development. The pagan Eve, so aptly prefiguring the Christian myth of the presence of evil veiled under the fascinations of beauty,—created as a punishment and a temptation for Prometheus who had dared to steal the celestial fire from heaven,—was presented to the assembled gods by Jupiter himself. Minerva arrayed her in a robe of dazzling whiteness, and covered her head with a veil on which rested a garland of flowers and a golden crown. So transcendent was her beauty that the gods themselves were moved, and all desired to endow the new creation with some attribute. Minerva taught her the arts of female housewifery,—a significant hint worthy of the suggestive wisdom of pagan philosophy,—as teaching that a woman effectually to subjugate the opposite sex must be supremely *useful*, as well as eminently *ornamental*; Venus invested her with the unutterable fascinations of desire and love; the graces and the goddess of persuasion decked her neck and breast with golden chains, and Mercury endowed her with the art of eloquent insinuation. When all the gods had exhausted their treasures on the fair nymph, she received the name of Pandora, and was sent down to earth, “blending a celestial with a human heart,” to shed light and sunshine on the abodes of men. But Jupiter before her departure presented her with a box—whereby hangs a tale.

It is this most graceful myth Ives has rendered in a type of ideal womanhood so coy, so inviting, so enticing, that I cannot hope to describe it. A joyous smile, wicked yet bewitching, plays about her delicate mouth as she contemplates the fatal box containing all the ills of life, which she holds in one hand, while the other plays coquettishly about the lid where a serpent is sculptured, a very appropriate association of the Pagan with the Christian legend. The figure is almost nude, the attitude extremely simple; the veil has fallen to one side, and skilfully contrasts in its statuesque folds with the delicate moulding of the limbs. If, according to the accepted axiom, the combination of two things are requisite to form a fine work, an appropriate conception of the subject, and a perfect execution of that conception, the Pandora of Mr. Ives is a fine work. Hyper-criticism could only suggest a somewhat more careful handling of the extremities.

Bartholomew is another American sculptor of great merit. He has just executed an “Eve” which has won for him golden opinions.

If these hasty remarks on schools of American Art at Rome should lead the English public to a more just appreciation of the great merit of these artists, I shall indeed rejoice to have been the means of removing a prejudice, as unjust as it is unmerited. Seeing what they have already accomplished, it may fairly be argued America will soon take as high a position in Art as she already does in other matters.

FLORENTIA.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE FOUNT IN THE DESERT.

H. Warren, Painter. R. Radcliffe, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 2 ft. 7 in. by 1 ft. 9 in.

EASTERN habits and manners have an able and faithful illustrator in Henry Warren, President of the New Society of Painters in Water-Colours: the pencils of D. Roberts and the late W. H. Bartlett have familiarised us with the scenery of Syria, Palestine, and Egypt; while that of Warren has made us acquainted with the customs of the inhabitants of those countries, although we believe he has never visited any of them, but acquires his information and his subjects from books and the descriptions and sketches of others. His friend, Mr. Joseph Bonomi, the distinguished eastern traveller, has rendered him much service in this way: it is marvellous how, under so manifest a disadvantage, he produces pictures of such acknowledged truth and accuracy.

When young the inclination of this artist was long divided between painting and music as a profession, for both of which he possessed a decided taste; the former was at length determined upon, though the charm of the pencil has never succeeded in eradicating his love of the latter science. In the year 1817, he was placed in the studio of Nollekens the sculptor (his contemporaries there being Gibson, R.A., and Bonomi) for the purpose of modelling and learning to draw the human figure; he also studied in the British Museum, and attended the dissecting-room of Brookes, the celebrated anatomist. From these various sources of scientific Art-culture, he acquired that ease and freedom of pencil which his pictures exhibit.

In the year 1818, Mr. Warren entered the schools of the Royal Academy, to which he was introduced by the late President, Benjamin West; Etty and the two Landseers were among his fellow-students there.

We have no recollection of ever seeing any pictures in oil by him, although we believe that in the earlier time of his career he occasionally exhibited oil-paintings at the Royal Academy, but almost from the first he adopted water-colours as the medium of his art. A year or two after the establishment of the New Society of Painters in Water-Colours, in 1835, arising from the increasing attractions of this branch of Art, and the difficulty experienced by many artists in having their works effectively exhibited (the list of the “Old Society” being full to overflowing), Mr. Warren joined the former, and it may be instanced as a proof of the value to his coadjutors of this alliance, that two years afterwards they elected him their President, a distinction to which he was well entitled, and which he has sustained to his own credit and to the satisfaction of his fellow-labourers.

His picture of “The Fount in the Desert” was purchased by Prince Albert in 1844, from the Exhibition of the Society of which the artist is President. The subject bears the following interpretation given to it by the painter:—A Sheikh, or pious Moslem, takes upon himself the religious duty of supplying water to the thirsty traveller. For this purpose he digs a well at the confines of the Desert, erects a covering to it in the form of a miniature temple, keeps it in order, and stations himself by it, almost continually, as the dispenser of Moslem charity. His cup is ever ready for the parched lips of the wayfarer, to whom it is more welcome after his long and arid journey than a handful of gold would be: nor is the trough holding the pure element denied to the poor camel, which is here represented uttering the shrill and well-known cry of impatience as he waits his turn. The animal is held by a Nubian boy, servant of the Arab—Nubian also, who is drinking. This simple incident is very graphically portrayed; the figures are effectively grouped, and the tone of the picture—that of a burning eastern sunset without a cloud—is most expressive of the necessity that exists in such a climate and locality for the exercise of beneficence after the fashion here presented.

The picture is in the Royal Collection at Osborne.

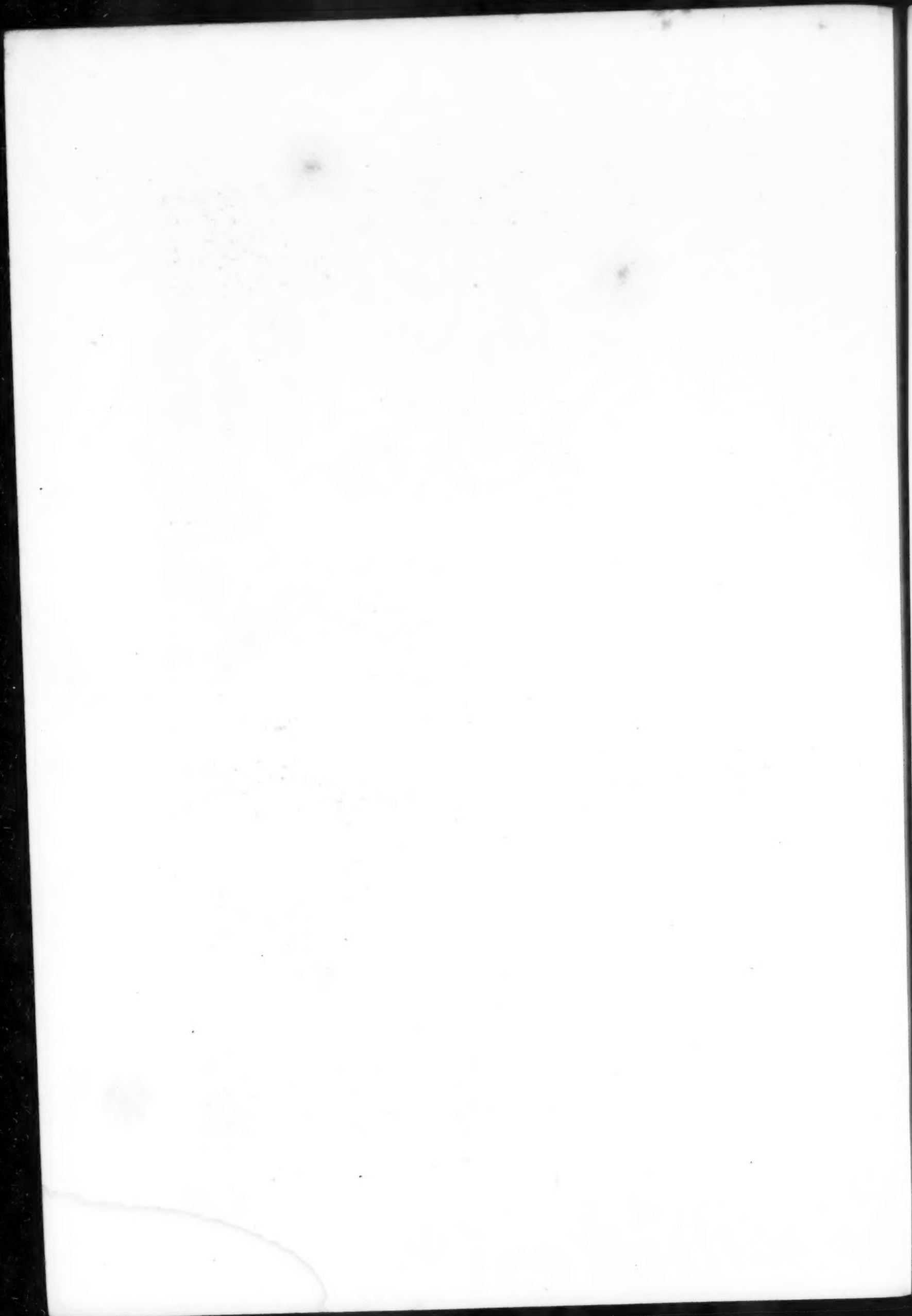




FOUNT IN THE DESERT.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

LONDON: PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS.



FRENCH
CRITICISM ON BRITISH ART.

"O! wad some power the giftie gi' us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us." BURNS.

It is about as probable as most things that the body of British artists, who have not had an opportunity of visiting Paris since the 15th of May, entertain a fair share of curiosity to know how their representatives on canvass, on paper, or in marble have been there received, in the great world-representing congress of the Fine Arts—to noting the general arrangements for which we have devoted a portion of our last number. Having anticipated a feeling so natural, we have much pleasure in meeting its requirements. In doing so, we own a double duty:—First, that of supplying a legitimate desideratum; and, secondly, that of contributing our share towards realising the salutary lesson so piquantly commended in the ejaculatory rhyme of Robert Burns. Next to solving the old metaphysical problem of looking inwards upon ourselves, it is of importance that we should know how we figure in the eyes of others. When so informed, we probably discover that there were some small errors in the estimate we may have had of ourselves; that we may be blemished by foibles or faults—"two, or, one"—the correction of which may be possible as well as expedient, and so we may be led to a very salutary effort at amendment, by which our intrinsic worth may be considerably enhanced.

It will startle most of our artists to learn how little we have been known as a school, or, individually, to the French world of Art. So, however, it would seem to have been; the apparition side by side with the familiar productions of every other country in Europe of some hundred English works of Art, not only in *aquarelle*, of which they confess a certain cognisance, but of the lofty oil, was an unanticipated portent, to which the self-esteem of our friends on the banks of the Seine will not quite permit us to add, with fear of change perplexing painters. There was but one expression of wonder—mingled for the most part with a spice of ridicule or contempt—in the proslutions of the French critics at the singularity and thorough originality of the English school. In their preliminary notices there was little of courtesy, or the chivalry of high-spirited opponents on meeting a new foe. In the effort to be severe, they fell into the most obvious and grossest inconsistencies, as may be seen in the perusal of the extracts which we give below. It will, however, be found that, as time passed and judgment matured, the much-slighted novelties of our artists were found to be far better than was at first suspected; individual merits familiar to us were recognised, as they were sure to be, and it is not improbable that, before the end of the chapter, and it has somewhat yet to run, it may be admitted that the goodness of the English school is pretty nearly equal to its originality.

One of the earliest of the French critics by whom English Art had the honour to be noticed, was the Coryphæus of the *Journal l'Union*, and we give his lucubrations precedence, because they may be considered to have embodied all the ill-nature to which Parisian stricture has given vent on this occasion. The writer is at once smart, self-sufficient, and unsparing. He enters on his task as a *petit-maitre* sword-master on the duello, with infinite confidence in his handling of his rapier. He is master of the *stoccata-punto* and *punto-reverso*, and is obviously but too happy whenever he thinks his point has gone home. He pinks and pinks again *con amore*.

In the number of the *Journal*, May 25, after certain preliminary remarks to the effect that Art is one of the most vivid and powerful manifestations of human genius, and that by its creations the calibre not only of individual mind, but of national intellectuality, will be judged, he thus continues:—

"Amongst the contributions of foreigners to the Exhibition, that of England is one of the most interesting, simply because it is the most unique in its characteristics. Every eye is at

once struck with its originality—originality of thought—originality of tint—originality of treatment. England is eminently national, and she is too proud to imitate others; make her the subject of stricture or of praise, but of this be assured, that if you find her ugly, her ugliness is all her own.

"All the peculiarities, all the defects of her genius are concentrated in the canvasses she has here transmitted, the one deduced from the other by process of inexorable logic. The genius of England is the genius of physical force—it repudiates the ideal. Throughout the whole of this Exposition, not one of those pictures will be found of which the German dreams, and which the French realise. English Art is wingless—it never ascends beyond the earth, nor wafts man heavenwards. Where there is no ideal there the beautiful cannot be found: the pretty alone may be attained. Thus it is in these English pictures: they are a compound of the pretty—pretty figures—pretty interiors—sometimes even a touch of pretty colour—but they are innocent of the beautiful. From hence follows a natural result: although a man may have no true feeling of the beautiful, yet may he form a certain peculiar notion of what beauty is. The English owe no ideal to imagination—that is in truth a faculty, the possession of which, on their part, they shrewdly doubt—but yet they have a type of beauty—cold, strong, and correct—English beauty. This is the type which they ever represent, and so strongly has it monopolised their brains, that they make it play its part not only in English scenes, but in others wholly foreign. Thus, for example, one of their artists, Mr. Uwins, wishes to paint 'The Vintage in Medoc'; he gives to his vintagers, men and women, the physiognomy, the features, the familiar action of his own countryfolk: never were such peasants seen in France; these are young 'Miss Anglaises et des gentlemen.' It happens, in consequence of the absence of this same imaginative ideal, that they prefer a certain class of subjects. The English portion of the Exposition is almost wholly composed of easel pictures—animals, interiors, household scenes, portraits. As the tethered goat browses within a circle, so they paint just what is around them. But, be it marked, within this circle they develop qualities which are all their own. With the objects before their eyes they are thoroughly acquainted; they seem to know their very weight, to have taken their precise measure; they present them on their canvass in unimpaired individuality. For this—the material—their strong point, they entertain a species of veneration, and they give their likenesses with scrupulous exactitude. They make you see it, touch it; it becomes an optical delusion. Take that 'Village Coquette' of Mr. Lance. The brazen circles of these rustic pots and pans are veritable brass: they still gleam with the morning's scrubbing. The basket on the arm of that young girl is osier itself; you can handle her dress, may feel the quality of its stuff, give an estimate of its thickness. As for the young thing herself, her pose is rigid as a stick—motionless, inexpressive. She is there but as a lay figure for the drapery of her gown and her lace. For her the painter has not a thought. He was absorbed in illustrating *matter not mind*.

"It must not, however, be supposed that English artists are incompetent to depict the play of physiognomical expression. On the contrary, therein are they most skilful, and their scenes of interiors are, in sooth, very expressive. They, however, give expression after their own manner, and therein present a characteristic trait of their idiosyncrasy. They analyse the physiognomy of many *dramatis personæ* engaged in the same act, as we find in the visages of the ten who make up 'The Village Choir.' These ten are all alike intent on the one performance, but each with a physiognomy altogether different. There we find that process of analysis. The artist seeks nothing without the subject, but exhausts all that it suggests within.

"In their composition of a picture the English have also an originality of their own—it is, as it were, like that of one, who, being restricted to a very angle of a garden and desirous to make a picture thereof, would find in his subject a

vast quantity of bizarre detail. The more their range is extended, the more, to use their own expression, they become eccentric. They find a theme in incidents, which one could never have imagined to have been meant for the canvass,—as, for instance, 'The South Sea Bubble,' by Mr. E. M. Ward. Again, if they aim at strong dramatic expression, they may not temper it discreetly, but overwhelm you with all its elements of effect. In Mr. Poole's 'Messengers announcing the Tidings to Job,' the scenic arrangement—the prevalent tints—the gesticulations—are all set forth with so harsh a vehemence, that, at a glance, the spectator is shocked—through eye and heart, and the whole nervous system, he is remorselessly stricken. Those artists, themselves so callous of emotion, believe that to awaken it in you, they must lend you the blows of a club, and when you are thoroughly stunned, they begin to perceive that you are touched.

"It must be understood, that, in order to deal with effects undreamt of in Art, they have found it necessary to resort to peculiarities of manner, so that their technical and imaginative treatments are quite evil. A scrutiny of their works strikes one with astonishment, which increases as we proceed. One knows not with what kind of pencil these canvasses have been touched—nor is their appearance that of oil—here, you have something of a substantial empastement—there, the evanescent water-colour. A microscopic handling has elaborated away every excrescence and left a polished surface, the unpleasant effect of which, is not unfrequently aggravated by the glare of glass under which the pictures are framed. However, it is this very ambiguity of result which wins the hearts of the fair English dames. 'What a pretty picture, my dear,' they exclaim one to another, 'one would never fancy it was an oil-painting! How very charming!' The English painters know well their fair compatriots!

"One word in reference to their colour. When the eye is brought so minutely close to the canvass it cannot appreciate general effect, and without this sense of general effect, harmony there is none. Unfortunately too, the unhappy English artist has no sun—so his painting is cold and pale. It is veiled in a humid mist, and seems at best but an autumnal creation. A few amongst them have become sensible of this defect—they have revolted against this pallid hue, and in order to secure the accomplishment of colour, have crowded their canvasses with every tint and every tone, just as they happened to come to hand. It is not necessary to particularise an example—there are enough and to spare. The result is however an indescribable conglomerate—a "*tokuboku*"—a perfect carnage of colours. Before such a phenomenon, the Frenchman explodes in laughter. The Englishman unshocked dwells on them with an unblest brow.

"The characteristics and defects, which have been thus but lightly alluded to, shall be the subject of great and fuller notice in the review, which we propose to take of the principal artists of the English School, Messrs. Mulready, Landseer, Webster, Horsley, Knight, &c. One thing must now at all events be acknowledged, viz.: the strong originality of the English Exhibition. The English type is stamped upon it—one cannot confound them with any other country's artists—but say unhesitatingly, these are English—just as, happening to follow a lady promenading on the Boulevards, we recognise, by her gait and attire, whence she comes, and we exclaim, 'Ha! there goes an Englishwoman.'

"Between the schools of England and of Flanders there is this difference—that the former never aim at representing an object simply as it is found in all detail—the thing, the whole thing and nothing but the thing—while the Flemish give but such minutiae as are agreeable to the eye. An Englishman paints a dress, and you behold the very stuff of which it is made—you feel its thickness, its substantial texture—in a word, its commercial qualifications—a mercer could tell you what it would be per yard. The Fleming reproduces on his canvass the delicacies of design which belong to the fabric,—of flowers, you perceive the corolla, the petals, the calices

the pistil, the leaves—nay the very reticulations; he is more occupied with the piquante details than the general structure of the depicted drapery. His fancy is amused with his theme; he is therefore more select in his subject—his taste is more delicate. The Englishman ever takes the matter in hand seriously; renders it as exactly as he possibly can, and so becomes distinctively heavy."

How utterly and elaborately inaccordant with fact, this solemn winding up is, need not be pointed out to any one among ourselves who has even known the works, of which this Exhibition contains choice specimens, of our fine humourist masters—Mulready, Leslie, and Webster—of whom it is sufficient to say, that they have proved themselves well able to illustrate the immortal facetiae of Goldsmith and Cervantes. Amongst the French critics themselves, we may find this ill-tempered *niaiserie*, rebuked, and not the least forcibly, in the emanations of one, who is only more discriminate but scarcely less ungenerous upon the whole. We allude to the representative of *La Patrie*, in whose number of May 24, a prolonged notice, historical, tragical, comical and pastoral is devoted to British Art. This critic is not content with doing less than going back to what he considers to be the very cradle of the English school, for the purpose of chastising it more or less severely from that stage up to its present adolescence—if not maturity.

"There are," he says, "two foreign artists, Holbein and Vandyke, whom the English zealously claim as the ancestors of their school. Both of these sojourned for a long period and ultimately died in the British capital. Holbein had a house in the middle of the Thames and its fogs—on the old London bridge, which at present is represented by London Bridge. But, spite of the efforts of Horace Walpole to prove the antiquity of Art in England, and of the enumeration of old names—more or less to the manner born, in which Allan Cunningham is so gratified, we cannot carry back this school beyond the middle of the eighteenth century. History cannot seemingly follow it to a more distant date than that of Hogarth and Reynolds, and the most authentic incident of its birth was the privilege of exhibition, granted by George III., to the artists of London. In 1765, the Royal Academy was founded, and Reynolds—become a knight—was its first president. In this same year, a pupil came to him—the son of an innkeeper—who was also destined, per force of talent, to win his way into aristocratic rank, and be styled Sir Thomas Lawrence. The latter was but third president—the American Benjamin West having been the second. If to these first, however, we add those of the landscape painters, Richard Wilson and Thomas Gainsborough—the sculptors Flaxman and Chantrey—and the artists nearer our own time, Wilkie, Martin, Turner, and Haydon, we shall have cited nearly all the chief glorious names of the English school, up to our cotemporary celebrities, whose chef-d'œuvres are displayed to us in the Palais des Beaux Arts.

"Hogarth, who was but half a painter—a profound moralist and philosophical caricaturist rather than an artist correct in composition and in colour,—seems to us to have been notwithstanding his defects and the loftier pretensions of his countrymen, the real father of the English school, and, to us entitled to this honour not so much from his precedence in point of time, as to the very character of his genius.

"Hogarth, who, after all, could, when he but gave himself the trouble, throw a picture into form, and who would have deserved the name of a colourist, had he but submitted to the requisite study for that accomplishment—as his charming picture of 'The Poet in his Garret' in the Marquis of Westminster's collection, proves—possessed, in a high degree, all the qualities, which, in our humble opinion, were required to constitute even the originality of the school. And, in the path opened by this remarkable man, and it alone, can the British painting advance—still preserving on its palette, but less exaggerated, those brilliant tints of Reynolds and Lawrence which have been exaggerated by so many of their scholars.

"Therein, however, has been its error and

dangerous aspiration, to hope through an atmosphere of such ungenial vapours, to attain those glowing bursts of sunshine and those mighty strokes of the pencil, which should be left to other climates and men of different mould of mind. It no doubt might commune with the spirits of Rubens, of Titian, Rembrandt, or Claude Lorraine, and question the secret of those brilliant tints, those intense effects, those warm and golden tones which their own skies and sickly sun with unrelenting rigidity refuse. But it also was necessary that it should not abandon its own nature, which may not imply genius in the extensive and sublime sense of that word, but its idiosyncrasy of *humour*, that charming and unique quality—that modification of serious gaiety—that grave fantasy, the birthright of Sterne and Goldsmith, which generated in the imagination of Hogarth those profound inspirations committed unhappily to his coarse and heavy vehicle of Art—which inspired Wilkie in his works of familiar life—which gave such sentiment to the animals of Sir E. Landseer, and which has not, to their credit be it spoken, disdained Mulready, Webster, Egg, Leslie, and at times even Stanfield himself."

After some stringent remarks respecting the failure of Reynolds, or those who may be considered to be of his school, in giving any truly great works to their country, he winds up thus:—"Reynolds wished at times to be historic, but he never rose above the familiar narration of a story. In all things the English dwell upon details—they possess all the secondary advantages attending an analytic spirit, but they lose that broader range of the beautiful, inspired by the faculty of sympathies. Of this, Wilkie presents a striking example; most happy as a painter of familiar scenes, he fell in his effort to attain the majesty of the heroic. As author of the 'Knox' and 'Christopher Columbus,' he would soon perhaps have been forgotten—even as the court painter of George IV. he would scarcely have lived to fame, but he, Wilkie, will be admired henceforth as long as his 'Blind Man's Buff,' his 'Blind Fiddler,' his 'Sancho Panza' and his 'Chelsea Pensioner.' Wilkie stands forth in our eyes, as the very embodiment of the English school."

After having expanded at some length on the absence of a popular taste in England for the higher themes of art, arising chiefly from the influence of the reformation, the ignorance of the masses, and the debasing result of a money standard of merit, the critic thus proceeds:

"But we hasten to give credit to our neighbours for a taste universally developed amongst them, for the beauties of nature. Fondly, indeed, should landscape be cultivated amongst a people, which seems to have devoted itself so zealously to cultivate verdure in its soil, and grandeur in its woodlands; which, not content with having dwelling-places clustered with flowers and shrubs beyond its city walls, must needs lay out spacious squares and parks within them. It is to this special predilection—this innate love for nature, that we must attribute the skill of the English in landscape, to which they have given even a generic nationality. Not having had any occasion to seek throughout Europe for old model masters, these cultivators of water-colour drawing remain at home, circumscribed, if you please, in their appliances, but at the same time secure from the dangers of that imitation, which has proved fatal to so many of their fellow countrymen. Composition and handling, which have been overlooked by the latter, in their unschooled impetuosity, and in the fatal facility of a garish palette have, on the contrary, been with the water-colourists objects of minute study and the most patient elaboration. Here the English have been able to turn to advantage their mechanical skill, and their native aptitude to analyze details; and thus it is that they have carried this class of art to a high degree of perfection, and that we find them incomparably the first in its secondary department."

It is impossible not to remark in this eulogium of our water-colour school, an absurdity and inconsistency which could emanate only from the purblind zeal of illiberality: we find in the first instance, that a *special singularity*—

a sort of insular idiosyncrasy, of taste and training, have modified the English artist in oil into a very *lusus nature* when compared with his brother of the continental schools, while, in the very same chapter, we are curtly informed *per contra* that this same English painter in oils differs from the home-bound devotee to water-colours by his discursive roamings through this very continent, in order to study the famed old masters and be lost in the slough of mere imitation.

Surely they and their French fellow-students having cultivated the self-same models, and been subject to the like influences, must be supposed to have fallen into a natural family resemblance. What then becomes of their British out-of-the-world simplicity and spurious originality? Again, the minute toil of the water-colourist is contrasted with the unshackled impetuosity of the other. How does this wayward vigour accord with the well-known characteristic of the imitative student with the

"imitatore, servum pecus,"

who, in Art must be slaves to manual mannerisms—whose boldest efforts at freedom of touch and tint must be even more or less cribbed and confined. In a word, it is perfectly obvious, that, to meet the conclusions on this delicate topic of many of the most majestic of the French critics—to be the original of this portrait, English Art must be at once fantastically *sui generis* and pitifully imitative.

"Nul unquam tam impar sibi."

The critic, however, thus continues his goodly review.

"Our narrow limits render it expedient that we should, from this point, set down as established, certain facts, the confirmatory evidence of which is supplied by this exhibition. First then, it is clear, that England is utterly devoid of genius for the high range of Art. Whenever she ventures to paint an historic scene, the result is something of a crayoned vignette—a plate from an illustrated journal. Of this, the 'Trial of Lord William Russell' by Sir George Hayter, although a picture remarkable in some respects, may be taken as a proof.

"Secondly, she has not as yet learned how to intermingle and render harmonious those glaring tints, which she either spontaneously selects, or thinks herself compelled to employ. And yet it may be to this very selection and its blemishes that she is indebted for those plaudits of fat citizens, so dreaded by our artists.

"We find, however, that English ladies have begun to eschew those garish and discordant colours, which drew upon them the jeers of the *gamins de Paris*. There is at home in England a treatment of canvass which is still true to those raw greens, reds and blues. We invite the pertinacious painters to emulate the more pure and improved taste of their charming countrywomen.

"But in the English school we fortunately come upon its humourists—offspring of Hogarth and of Wilkie, when Wilkie was true to himself, whose works correspond with the English tales of fiction so full of thought—of so delicate and captivating a truthfulness. To them we must devote our most serious attention—our warmest encouragement. To these artists it is, and at their head move Mulready and Webster, that we tender the advice to spurn the shackles of an ill-omened fashion, the exactions of a mechanic patronage, and yield to the study and treatment with a purer palette, of scenes and manners of which they comprehend so well the mystery. By pursuing this path they can succeed in creating a national school—cousin-German to the Flemish—with the advantage of a verve more tense—a significance more piquant. Why, in the name of common sense, should the English persevere in depicting the poetic,—in transferring to their canvass the fairy idealities of Shakespeare—they who have so subtle a relish for the realities of life? Or again, why toil to retrace Italian scenes, while they neglect to present us one of those vigorous and vivid pictures of life at home, a tavern for instance on the banks of the Thames; one of those glowing gin-palaces into which the newly arrived Jack ashore plunges headlong—where in the native

dim daylight may be seen the bronzed British tar and negroes from the Cape basking under the smiles of barmaids all roses and rotundity.

"It is in this *genre* anecdotal—in these special interiors—that the artists of England should seek their inspiration, and anticipate success; and, not in those ambitious conglomerates of colour, which are facetiously termed the style of Splash."

So much for the ill-disguised hostility—the praise neutralised by the unsound strictures on the school of Hogarth, Wilkie, and Mulready, with its touch of *modest impertinence*. Let us now turn to the *Moniteur*, which for the most part has displayed a better tone—not however untainted by the local unfairness.

"The distinctive characteristics of the English in Art," says the official organ, "are a frank originality—a strong savour of their native soil. They owe nothing to the continental schools, and so effectually does the channel divide them from the rest of Europe, that it might seem wide as the Atlantic. The least experienced eye at once recognises an English picture, be its merits what they may. In conception, in style, in composition, in colour, in touch, in all, it is itself alone. Breakfast though you may in Paris, and on one and the same day dine in London, this Art transports you into altogether another world very far off indeed and very little known. Here we have an especial mode of Art, exquisite in mannerism—bizarre as that of China, but yet ever aristocratic and 'gentleman'—of a beau-monde elegance and fashionable grace, of which the present type is to be found in the 'Keepsake' and 'Book of Beauty.' No reminiscence of older excellence is here to be found. An English picture is as modern as a volume of Balzac; it reveals civilisation in its latest form and minutest details. They are typified in the brilliancy of its varnish, in the preparation of its panel and its palette. The whole is transcendental. When first seen, it is much more startling than captivating, but presently, as the ear might yield itself to a gamut of strange yet charming sounds, so the eye becomes reconciled to these lights with the sheen of satin; these translucent shadows; these silvery reflexions; this fresh sparkle of draperies; these mists of muslin; these spiral ringlets long drawn out, and, through the graceful tracasseries, discovers a rare sense of pantomimic effect; a fine harmony of grouping; a philosophic estimate of character and physiognomy."

"Sir Joshua Reynolds and Lawrence, with their broad and vigorous aim at colour and effect, are no longer favoured models; Gainsborough and Constable have also had their day: they are admired but no longer imitated, and Wilkie has but a few faithful followers. The present English school has no guide but its own caprice; each one ranges as his individuality prompts—without, however, for an instant losing the British stamp. Nevertheless, to speak figuratively, we mark a small chapel apart in this cathedral of English Art. It has at present but two occupants, Messrs. Hunt and Millais, the one all unsophisticated, the other a devotee to the literal; both bringing into conjunction, merit the most unequivocal with eccentricity the most glaring."

"After France, England brings the greatest array of works to the Exhibition. Amongst these, there are but a few which she numbers amongst the correctly called historic; but she abounds in pictures of the class *genre*, in imaginative productions, interiors, landscapes and animals, while the water-colour drawings cover a large portion of the wall upstairs."

Closing its general outline of the aspect of the Palais des Beaux Arts, the *Moniteur* thus concludes: "After the first general visit which one may pay this exhibition, it will be felt to be distinctly divided into four zones of attraction—that of England, that of Belgium, Germany, and France; England typified by individuality, Belgium by matured skill, Germany by the ideal, and France by eclecticism."

Our next notices we draw from publications more especially dedicated to the intellectual, as compared with daily and political journalism. The one a pretty close imitation of our *Athe-*

næum in name, typical aspect and general arrangement of topic; the other, a new hebdomadal, which has been got up in considerable contributive force, to meet the special exigencies of the present occasion, and named "*Le Palais de l'Exposition*." In both, a better spirit will be found than is apparent in the daily press.

In its number for June the 2nd, the latter thus treats the delicate topic in hand.

"Before the period for opening the Exhibition had arrived, anticipatory apprehensions were prevalent in reference to the conjoint approach of the representations from the three great schools of Munich, Berlin, and Düsseldorf. It was generally agreed that the sceptre of colour should be retained by France, while the surrender of that of design to Prussia and Bavaria, to the pupils of Overbeck and Rauch, seemed inevitable. It was taken for granted that, in the productions of the latter, there was an elevation of inspiration, to which we had no claim, and which had had no rivals in part but beyond the circles of Raphael and Leonardo. Since the 15th of May, this latter opinion has undergone considerable modification, and a closer scrutiny, each successive day, leaves it of diminished weight. A decisive reaction is impending, and those who have begun to shrug their shoulders at the cartoons of Cornelius or of Kaulbach, at the landscapes of Nagenbach or Nubner, fancy that they find *new and formidable rivals* to us in the English and Belgians. The truth lies between these two nations. The German school is, in truth, feeble, and has been over-vaunted. The English school is original, and has been but little known to us."

"What strikes one, above all things, in the English school is—its *originality*. That this is, to a certain extent, tinged with the bizarre,—the eccentric—is unquestionable: but, so also is it, that, in their artistic range, the English have not sought for external inspiration—that they *copy themselves alone*: that, in this, as in all else,—their manners, laws, and government,—they realise the description of the classic poet,

'Penitus divisos at orbe Britannos.'

"On analysing the general effect, and the distinctive qualities of each of their works, we will be sure to find a prevalent and felicitous seeking after truth, propriety of action, expression well seized and transferred; in a word, a scrupulous fidelity to nature. These high qualities are, however, counterpoised by defects, which are not to be found so glaringly developed in any other quarter, viz., a want of elevation in the purpose of the artist, and of masterly vigour in his execution,—a positive puerile devotion to mannerisms, or childish interpretation of nature and her effects. An attentive examination of some of their works, those, for instance, of M. Millais, will yield unequivocal proof, that Art, and efforts at ocular deception have nothing in common; that, in painfully copying the details of an object in view, results are attained which have no sympathy whatever with the painter's genuine task."

"It is chiefly in portraits and landscape that our neighbours excel. In the latter, their present school has been formed in the reaction from the false and glowing manner of Turner, and although it be still not wholly unvitiated, it displays at least a sincere yearning after simplicity and nature—things to which Turner never gave a thought."

"As to portraiture, if the English wish to have a school, they have but to follow their own traditions of Art. In the last century Joshua Reynolds produced in that branch of the profession, works of marvellous beauty, which sustain to the full, a comparison with the best known master-pieces of Vandyke, Titian, Rembrandt, and Velasquez. Here then is the substantial reminiscence of a school—a great step in advance. Let them join with this, careful study from the model, and they will find that they still possess a faculty beyond that of many others, of producing *chef-d'œuvres* in this branch of Art."

The *Athenæum Français* in its number for June 2nd, gives this brief preliminary.

"The English School deserves our serious attention, were it but for this one fact, that it asserts a perfect freedom of fantasy—convinced

and with truth, that this same fantasy is the very life which the creative artist breathes into his Galatea. Conjointly with this the English school seeks and attains the ideal. To it also, be we but just, we must award, above all others, the merit of uniting in its composition animated gesture and expression. This gesture is always true without being trivial—it is akin to the scene depicted—illustrates and completes it."

"English artists are better with their pencil than the palette, and thus they derive great advantage from having their works known through engravings. When, however, we affirm that English artists compose better than they colour, we by no means mean to eliminate them from the rank of colourists, and we therefore hasten to explain what we would convey; which in the brevity of our expressions might be misunderstood."

"English artists have carefully studied light and shade—they are frequently happy in its management. Their landscape painters are very numerous and have been, in some degree, the regenerators of that branch of Art in France for a period of some thirty years. It was they who bore off the pupils of the Bidaulte and the Bertius, for the contemplation of a nature, which they could never have discovered in their masters' ateliers. Peradventure they occasionally outstep the modesty of that nature, in representing singular effects, but still *colourists they are*, and they beguile us by a certain harmony, the charm of which skilfully projected, veils over whatever may be false in the magic by which you are dazzled."

"They have a fine tact for tone—daring energy as colourists but with a few exceptions, they are awkward in their handling and timid in touch to a degree curious to consider."

"At first view of their pictures, one is puzzled to know how they have produced the effect presented to our view—so strongly and strangely does the master style of the work, as a whole, contrast with the puerility of method by which it has been realised. And yet this very unsophisticated puerility has in itself something of a charm—a primitiveness and individuality wholly untainted by affectation."

"The artists of England belong to the school of England—quite unconnected with the schools of the continent, they are themselves alone—with their own special nature, their own instincts, their happy qualities and defects. They are entitled to a serious examination, and we purpose devoting a special article to this school, of which in France we have been so indifferently acquainted."

One would naturally affirm that but an unequivocal state of the self-same puerility was required to discover the existence of that imbecile malady in the canvasses of, to say the least of it, those amongst our British artists, who should be recognised as the foremost men amongst us. We could not perhaps submit the writer to more severe retributive infliction than he may, not improbably, experience from some of his countrymen, for an admission so very serious as that the French school of landscape owes its regeneration to the influence of ours—and that for a period of some thirty years. There is, however, notwithstanding the one very silly sally, an improvement in the general tone of this brief notice, which in some degree is indicative of a sounder tendency of critical feeling throughout the Parisian press. This is found manifest in the notices of individual artists and their works, which have appeared, at intervals, and continue to appear in the daily and periodical publications. The manifestation of this salutary improvement has been almost ludicrous in some quarters, from the contrast between earlier general *tranchant* conclusions and more detailed personal notices. Some of these latter we shall take occasion to lay before our readers. Before closing these courses of French critical *cuisine*, we shall commend to their palate the following *morceau*, with which our friend, *La Patrie*, opens his strictures on individual British artists, just one month after the appearance of the very potent *potage* with which he gave the initiative to his feast of reason. On the 25th June he says—

"The singularity of the English school—its

undreamt of originality—the very piquancy of its novelty, have already made it the public favourite. Setting aside the works from the French palette, which always vindicate for themselves the most serious, as well as the highest admiration, it may be said, to use an expression wholly British, that the English artists are the lions of the Exposition.*

There can be no doubt of the fact thus facetiously chronicled by *La Patrie*. Whoever visits the Palais des Beaux Arts is pretty sure to note, if in a statistical mood, that a much greater proportion of those present is to be found in the long English gallery, than in those imposing saloons, wherein the French canvasses are suspended, from the "Many a rood" of Vernet to the miniatures of Meissonier—from the Dantesque energy of De la Croix to the exquisite effeminacy of Hamon. Whether this selection is caused by a mere singularity unsustained by composition, colour, handling, or treatment in its widest sense, may be left with safety to the judgment of all whom it may concern.*

THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, PARIS.

WITHIN the last month the spirit of activity and order has wrought a marvellous change in the interior of the *Palais de l'Industrie*; additions, numerous and important, have been made by contributors, and, to make use of a phrase just now in vogue with us in England "the right things are in the right places": the exhibition, though still incomplete, is worthy of its object and will now amply reward the visitor; whether as a pecuniary speculation it will repay the company which originated the enterprise is, at present, a matter of doubt, for the weekly receipts are yet comparatively low. The truth is that Frenchmen are not accustomed to pay for sights that partake of a public character, as many, and especially the lower classes, consider this; and hence we infer it is that so few artisans are to be recognised within the walls of the building: moreover, hitherto no facilities are offered for carrying into Paris the masses of provincials who would be attracted thither could they reach the city without incurring what to thousands must prove a very heavy expense; such, in truth, as they cannot meet without considerable sacrifice. We trust before the season is far advanced that our own South Eastern Railway Company, and that of the Great Northern Railway of France will come to such arrangements as will enable the British workmen to visit the *Champs Elysees*. While writing on the subject of travelling to or from Paris, it is right to notice that passengers by the South Eastern Company may have their baggage passed through the Customs free of all charge, upon application to Mr. Ledger, the agent of the company at Folkestone. Passengers may also have their luggage booked at the station in London, so as to relieve themselves from all responsibility and trouble concerning it till they reach Paris. But here we would offer a word of warning to any who purpose travelling by what is called the "day through train," which generally leaves London about 10 in the morning, and arrives at Paris about 11 or 12 at night. We went by this train a short time since, booking our luggage to Paris, according to the advice of the servants of the company: but on reaching the end of our journey at midnight, or nearly so, the French officers of customs had departed two or three hours previously; there was no one to pass the luggage, it was carefully locked up—in fact we never saw it from the time it left London till the next day, when we lost some three or four hours in clearing it—and it was our fate to reach our hotel sans everything but what we travelled in. Fortunately we had engaged apartments where we were known, otherwise there might

* In our number for next month we shall give our readers an opportunity of judging whether the French critics have been as just and as generous in their individual, as they have been in their general strictures.

have been some difficulty in finding a host sufficiently courteous and trusting to take in a stranger, without baggage, at so late an hour. To obviate such inconvenience travellers should take a small valise or carpet-bag in their hands containing whatever is required for the night. They will encounter the same difficulties if disposed to break the tediousness of the journey by resting for the night at Boulogne, Amiens, or any other place; provided, that is, their luggage is booked for Paris direct.

The great feature of the exhibition during the last month is the opening of a large circular building, called the *Rotonde*, or panorama, close to the principal edifice, for the reception of contributions for which space could not be found in the latter. Here are collected most of the best articles of furniture, the porcelain of Sèvres, the tapestries of the Gobelins and Beauvais, elegant musical instruments &c., all admirably arranged; in short, this department is on the whole undoubtedly the richest and most attractive of the whole exhibition. The jurors* selected to investigate the various contributions commenced their duties on the 25th of June; while at a meeting recently held in Paris, by the members of the British section, a resolution was moved and passed unanimously "that it is desirable an early intimation should be given to the British public of the great excellence of the Exhibition, and of its marked advance in the objects exhibited over that of 1851. That it is eminently worthy the attention of artists, of manufacturers and their workmen, and of all classes in the United Kingdom."

We believe the contributions of our countrymen find much favour in the eyes of the Parisians, especially the English porcelain and pottery, but a paper, signed by Captain Fawke, the secretary of the British section, has reached us; it contains the following observations among others, and the attention of exhibitors should be directed to them:—"Complaints are frequently made that inquiries respecting prices, and the way of obtaining British productions exhibited at the Paris Universal Exhibition, cannot be answered in consequence of the neglect of Exhibitors to provide means of affording this information, and who have simply placed their goods in the building and then left them."

"It is urgently recommended both for the Exhibitors' own interest, and in courtesy to visitors, that Exhibitors should either attend themselves, or appoint a proper representative of their own to attend for them in the building, and that when this may not be possible, they should make arrangements so that some suitable person, if not stationary at their own spaces, may at least be always found in the building, and able to give information, lists of prices, &c."

We continue, in another part of the *Journal*, our "Illustrated Catalogue" of the Exhibition; our progress is not so satisfactory as we desire it should be, both for our own sake and that of the contributors. Our difficulty has arisen chiefly from the absurd police regulations within the building, which act as a discouragement to our object, instead of affording, as they should do, the most efficient help in aiding to acquaint the world with what is collected there. The artist, for example, who went with us to Paris to make the drawings for our catalogue, and who has remained there several weeks, was several times taken into custody, while pursuing his avocations in sketching from the objects of French manufacture, notwithstanding in every instance he had obtained a written permission from the exhibitor, nor was he allowed to continue his work till he had lost much valuable time, and had been subjected to great annoyances. This conduct is both ridiculous and unwise.

* The Lords of her Majesty's Committee of Privy Council for Trade have appointed the following noblemen and gentlemen to act as jurors for the Paris Universal Exhibition:—For Fine Arts, Painting, Engraving, and Lithography—Division 2, Class 28.—Lord Elcho, Daniel Maclise, Esq. R.A., Frederick Taylor, Esq., and J. H. Robinson, Esq. For Sculpture—Class 29.—R. Westmacott, Esq. R.A., and W. Calder Marshall, Esq. R.A. For Architecture—Class 30.—Sir Charles Barry, R.A., and Professor Cockerell, R.A. For Glass and Pottery—Division 1, Class 18.—John Webb, Esq.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

A SUMMER-NOON: HAMPTON COURT.

J. D. Wingfield, Painter. C. Cousen, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 2 ft. 5½ in. by 1 ft. 6½ in.

THE Palace of Hampton Court, though it no longer boasts the honour of being a royal residence, is yet an object of great attraction to hundreds who visit it annually: few are there, indeed, for whom it has not some charm. The archaeologist and the antiquarian resort thither to examine what is left of the stately pile erected by "great Wolsey." The lover of Art wanders through the long line of chambers and deserted state apartments, seeking out among the thousand and odd quaint pictures that line the walls whatever among them are worthy of notice, but lingering long and reverently before the glorious cartoons of Raffaele—themselves worthy a pilgrimage from the most distant part of the earth. Dr. Waagen admits this in his first edition of "Art and Artists in Great Britain," where, at the commencement of one of the chapters, he says:—"Another long-cherished wish has at length been fulfilled. I have seen the far-famed cartoons of Raffaele at Hampton Court; these alone are worth a journey to England." Another, and by far the most numerous class of visitors, are they who seek there a day's recreation; who saunter about the antiquated gardens, with their close-clipped holly hedges, and arbours of evergreen and sculptured figures, or lose themselves amidst the labyrinths of the maze, or recline in groups under the spreading chestnuts in the adjoining park of Bushy. In Pope's time the visitors to Hampton Court were of a more aristocratic—but, in his opinion, of a more mischievous—order:—

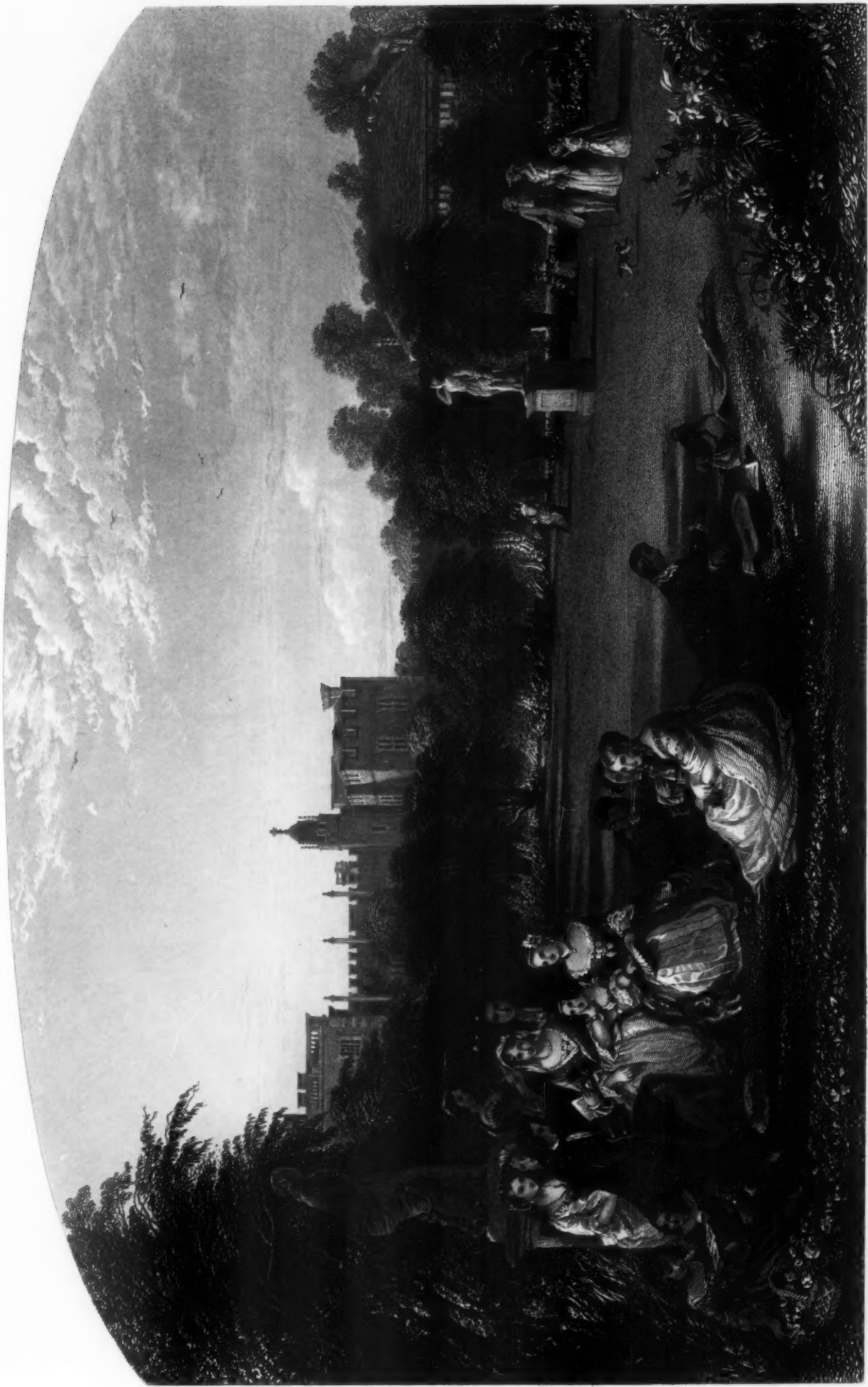
"Close by those meads, for ever crown'd with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.
Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court.
In various talk the instructive hours they pass,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last," &c.
RAPE OF THE LOCK, Canto III.

This quotation seems to form a sort of key to Mr. Wingfield's charming picture, which belongs to the "Watteau" class of compositions. The view is from the back of the palace, the artist having taken a painter's licence with the gardens by judiciously giving a wider expanse to the foreground, instead of cutting it up into patches of flower-beds, shrubberies, and tall, formal hedges, as they exist, but which would altogether have spoiled the subject for a picture. To the left of the spectator is a well-arranged group of figures of the period to which the lines of Pope refer; the only gentleman of the party appears to be amusing his fair auditors by reading to them from a book or manuscript, thus pleasantly willing away the noontide hours of a glorious summer-day.

For some years past Mr. Wingfield has been a frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy and the British Institution. His pictures, generally, are of a character similar to that which is here engraved; now and then we see a figure-subject from his pencil, and occasionally an "interior" of some old mansion. He is entirely a self-taught artist, and owes his present well-sustained position altogether to his own unaided efforts, and his perseverance through difficulties of no ordinary nature. His style of painting is bold, and free in the handling; he rarely attempts high finish; his colouring is brilliant; and he is well versed in the costumes of the periods he usually illustrates. We believe that it is to the family of the late distinguished statesman, George Canning, that he was indebted for his earliest patronage; his son, the present Viscount Canning having purchased his first sketch for a few shillings, as we have heard Mr. Wingfield say. This was the starting-point of his artistic career.

The picture of "Hampton Court" was purchased by Prince Albert, from the British Institution, in 1845; it now forms a part of the Royal Collection at Osborne.





J. D. WINGFIELD, PINX.

C. COUSEN, SCULPT.

A SUMMER NOON: HAMPTON COURT.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

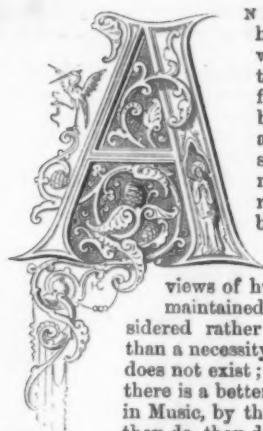
LONDON, JAMES S. VINTAGE



BRITISH ARTISTS:
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. VII.—F. R. PICKERSGILL, A.R.A.



An American author, in a work on Art* which has recently come under the notice of the writer of these biographical sketches, makes the following remarks: the book is dated from Italy, and the opinions are expressed by one evidently acquainted with the ancient and modern Art of Europe:—"The English school has all the healthful love of the German for nature, without its lowness. Such religious Art as it possessed was extinguished by the Reformation. Indeed, Art of all kinds met with a narrow escape at the hands of the Puritans. Under more liberal views of human nature it again rose; but it has ever maintained a secondary position to science, being considered rather as an accomplishment for the cultivated than a necessity for all classes. As a national passion it does not exist; yet, probably, there is no country in which there is a better understanding of its principles, as we see in Music, by the few who have given it attention. What they do, they do thoroughly and systematically; so that it is from England that the world of late has received the soundest criticisms on Art. * * * Those sound elements of British character which lie at the bottom of its common life in its deeper meaning, the fruition of which is in English homes, and its pleasure in a sympathy

with external Nature in her healthiest action and formations, are now beginning to stimulate Art to their real expression; hence landscape, domestic life, and national humour have all found able artists to express their vivifying truths. An attempt to revive symbolical Art has been made, but this can live only under the forms of pure Romanism. English Art, as yet, has not essayed to rival Italy in its loftiest expressions; there is a moral, notwithstanding, in its common form, and but few men, if any, have been found willing to violate the wholesome natural instincts of the nation, as manifested in feeling for animals, manly exercises, and ordinary humanity."

Complimentary as these observations are, both to our national character and to our school of Art, we believe they may be accepted by all, save those whose judgment is warped by prejudice, as founded on truth. So strong is our conviction of the general excellence attained by our artists, that we would hazard a comparison of their works, in all the essentials of true Art, with those of the painters of any country or period, except in the classes of symbolical and religious Art. An opportunity for such a comparison with the modern schools is at present to be met with in Paris; let any one thoroughly conversant with the subject examine the pictures of all nations now collected in the building set apart for the *Exposition Universelle des Beaux Arts*, and we have little apprehension of the verdict that will be given. True it is, that the works of the leading artists of Germany are not to be seen there, but then these works are of the classes, symbolical and religious, to which we make no pretensions, or, at least, profess to make none. During a visit recently paid to the Exhibition, we found the English gallery attracting the attention of by far the majority of spectators, while the artists of France expressed in our hearing the highest eulogiums on the admirable qualities of the pictures contributed by our countrymen.

These remarks would scarcely be out of place as introductory to a notice of any British painter of reputation, but they seem specially to be called for in connection with those of an artist who, though young, has successfully laboured to uphold the credit of his school in a department



Engraved by]

PLUTO CARRYING OFF PROSERPINE.

[Dalziel, Brothers.

in which that school has always been considered inferior to those of the continent. Historical painting has ever, in England, had difficulties to contend with sufficient to deter the most sanguine from adopting it. Till within a very few years it was a starving profession, and though now a more genial temperature of patronage invites its cultivation, it is far from thriving luxuriously—from the absence of careful and liberal tending

alone—as it did in the latter days of mediæval Art, and as it does now, to a considerable extent, on the continent.

Frederick Richard Pickersgill—of whose life a short notice appeared in the *Art-Journal* for the year 1850, from which we now extract some passages—was born in London, in 1820, of a family whose names are familiar in the Art-world. His father is still, we believe, an occasional contributor to the exhibitions of the Royal Academy; his uncle is the distinguished portrait-painter, and a member of the Royal Academy;

* "Art-Hints." By J. J. Jarves. Published by Sampson, Low, & Co., London.

and his mother is the sister of Mr. Witherington, the Academician: so that both on the paternal and maternal sides of his descent, Art is his inheritance. After receiving an ordinary school education, his uncle, Mr. Witherington, perceiving in the youth a decided taste for the Arts, undertook to superintend his studies, and some time was passed under the judicious guidance of his relative in drawing the figure from plaster casts. In 1839 he sent a drawing in water-colours to the exhibition of the Royal Academy, the subject of which was "The Brazen Age," as described by Hesiod, and at the end of the same year he entered as a student of the Academy; but, as was remarked in the previous notice of this artist, it is singular that one whose after course has been so honourable, should never, during the whole period of his studentship, have succeeded in the competitions for the prizes. Mr. Pickersgill's want of success is by no means a solitary example. We have known young men—others as well as artists—with talent, industry, and perseverance, yet, from some inexplicable cause or another, behind their fellow-students in the race for honours, though they have afterwards become most distinguished; and, on the other hand, many who have started most prosperously, fail in after life in maintaining the position of their early years.

These are facts which should be borne in mind, and should act as stimulants to the unsuccessful, and as warnings to the victors; they should teach the latter not to be too presumptuous, and the former not to despair. The history of a life must be one of progress to be honourable; he who would rise must not be satisfied with his present attainments. Where young artists are contented with themselves, or presume that triumph will always await them because they have once achieved it, they fall into an error, the true character of which is perhaps only seen when the mischief is irreparable. We believe there are few who commit such mistakes, for the annals of artist-life go far to prove that these are the exceptions and not the rule.

Although, from the first, Mr. Pickersgill determined to adopt historical painting, or that which partakes of its character, he did not follow the beaten track upon which too many young artists are inclined to enter, and so unwilling to quit. There is nothing that so distinctly marks independence of thought and self-reliance, especially in Art, as a thorough deviation from the distinctive character of others: but this very desire after novelty, unless controlled by judgment, is apt to lead astray or terminate in eccentricity: of this some of our young painters of the



Engraved by]

THE DEATH OF FOSCARI.

[Daniel Brothers.

present day unfortunately supply undoubted evidence. In every attempt at originality of subject or treatment, the utmost care and discrimination are necessary to avoid everything offensive to taste, to nature, or to the true end of Art. The first oil-picture exhibited by Mr. Pickersgill in 1841 at once showed his determination to seek his subjects from the best and least hacknied sources. The "Trachenian Virgins," of Sophocles suggested to him the "Combat between Hercules and Achelous, the river-god, in the form of a bull, for Dejanira." As a first attempt in oil-painting, and of a difficult subject, the work was commendable. During the next two or three years he exhibited in succession "Amoret delivered from the Enchanter," "Oedipus cursing Polynices," "Florimel in the Cottage of the Witch," and "Dante's Dream." The committee of the Art-Union of London selected his "Florimel" to engrave for their subscribers, a high compliment to so young an artist. It was in the year 1843, when these two last pictures were exhibited, that our attention was first directed to the works of this painter; they were both noticed in the *Art-Journal*; we remarked that, "though he promises well, and possesses much ability, in these pictures he had not caught the true spirit of the poets from whom the subjects were taken; the figures had too little of poetical fancy, and too much of daily association." It was, however, scarcely to be supposed

that an artist so young should be able fully to realise the beautiful conceptions of Spenser and Dante.

For the first time in the history of the British school of painting, the year 1843 witnessed a desire on the part of the government to take it under its paternal care. True it is that neither then nor since has the State done much for Art, but it was a step gained on its behalf to have recognised the principle of public patronage. It is a debated question whether Art has flourished or not under the influences of the State, for we find in the work to which reference is before made, the following opinions:—"We now come to consider in whose hands and by what methods of study Art best thrives. There is no way more sure to elevate it to its just position than by enlightening public opinion. Freedom is the primary condition of all progress. When princes and priests have had the control of Art, we have seen that it has either been perverted, as by the Medici and Bourbons, to selfish and sensual ends; profaned, as by contemporaneous popes; or destroyed, as by the Puritan iconoclasts of England. Hence we may infer that Art is not safe in the hands of, exclusively, either princely or priestly influence. Its only true foundation is in the hearts of the people. With the few, bad taste or corruption leaven all they touch; they have the effect of concentrated

poisons. Among the many, they are lost or neutralised by liberty of choice, freedom of criticism, and the influence of pure, unvitiated love of the natural and wholesome. Such is the case in England and the United States, where, it is true, ignorance and prejudice obtain to a lamentable state in the public mind; but at the same time there is a continually reacting, regenerating spirit, proceeding from cultivated intellect and native refinement of feeling; which, having an unlimited scope of action, is ever on the alert to elevate and purify public taste." This passage is not quoted because of its arguments, some of which we hold to be untenable, or inapplicable to the present condition and feeling of society. Art has a right to the patronage of the State, and has flourished wherever it has been exercised: Religion and the State are the legitimate patrons of high Art; from Pericles to Lorenzo the Magnificent—from Charles V. of Germany to Louis of Bavaria and Napoleon I. of France, "the sedulous cultivation of Art, among every imaginative and refined people, as a national feeling, either religious or

political in its expression, is of this a sufficient record. And how did they proceed? Not certainly by negligence of acknowledged merit, but by its honourable employment, and investing it with the esteem of great men, in great times; and moreover, by an earnest encouragement and enlistment in the service of the State of rising talent."* A people among whom a high degree of civilisation obtains, will themselves take care of Art so far as it ministers to their individual tastes and gratifications—its history at the present day testifies to this—but there is much far beyond the reach of individual patronage, and it is here where the State must be, and can be, the only protector. There is little apprehension now of genius being prostituted to unworthy purposes, whatever it may have been in times past, though we take the liberty of doubting whether the venality said to be practised by princes and priests had so much existence as is ascribed to them; at any rate, Art flourished even amid assumed corruption. Raffaele and Da Vinci, Titian and Guido, Correggio and the Carracci, Paul Veronese and Tintoretto, Velasquez and



Engraved by

THE BURIAL OF HAROLD

[Daniel, Brothers.]

Murillo, Rembrandt and Rubens, grew mighty under the shadow of crowns and mitres. And why should not the same influences stimulate the labours of the British artist? It may be that Religion declines to accept Art as an interpreter since the Book of God was laid open to the public eye; but if Painting is not to be received as a guide to holiness, it might be accepted as a valuable aid in cherishing devout feelings: it may be that the patriotism of the people requires not representations of the heroic acts of their forefathers to instigate them to similar deeds of valour in pictures that meet their gaze in the chief places of public resort: and it is surely unnecessary to awake the springs of benevolence by the aid of Art; yet in both cases the principles involved—patriotism and charity—may derive encouragement by what Art can show they have achieved: surely then Religion and the State may employ the powers they possess to such purposes, and still not use those powers unworthily; each should throw its protecting mantle over the Art and the Literature of the country. When we look back on the century that has passed since we had a school of our own, and remember how it has grown up to its

present height simply by the spirit of those who compose it, we cannot but deplore the indifference which has left it to flourish or decay, as chance may happen to it. But to return to the subject, from which we have somewhat digressed, the exhibition of cartoons in Westminster Hall, in 1843.

Mr. Pickersgill contributed a cartoon, "The Death of Lear," which elicited so much favour from the judges, that the artist was in the number of the ten to whom a premium of 100*l.* each was awarded. Of this work we remarked at the time that "its merits are of a high class. It is distinguished by great breadth of power and execution; the *chiar-oscuro* is common place, but it is the best style of common place. The costume has been carefully studied; it is appropriate, and severely shorn of the unmeaning embellishments so highly valued among artists of the present time." In the "fresco competition," the following year, he was not successful; the subject was "Sir Calpine rescuing Serena."

* "The Cartoon Competition," *Art-Journal*, March, 1843.

the drawing of the figures was decided and correct, and there was some good colouring in it. We believe Mr. Pickersgill regretted he had sent it in, for he confesses it to have been a failure, so far as the manipulation is concerned: this, however, is scarcely to be wondered at, for the process of fresco painting was then quite new to our artists. This was his first and last appearance in that style.

In 1845 he contributed two pictures to the Royal Academy, "Amoret &c. in the Cottage of the Witch," now in the Vernon Gallery, and "The Four Ages," in the possession of Mr. Longman, the eminent publisher. In 1846 his only picture was a scene from Venetian history, "The Flight of Stephen Calloprini;" a group of figures, the majority of them females, all drawn with admirable skill, and arranged with much picturesque effect.

The year 1847 was a kind of Olympiad in Art, and an epoch in the life of this artist. The great exhibition of pictures was opened in Westminster Hall, and Mr. Pickersgill achieved a notable triumph in his contribution of "THE DEATH OF HAROLD:" it obtained the first prize of 500*l.*, and was purchased by the Royal Commissioners for 500*l.* more. Of this work we wrote at length at the time; it is unnecessary to repeat the eulogium then given it, especially as our engraving will enable the reader to judge of the merits of the composition for himself: we have seen it in its place in the Houses of Parliament, and it satisfies us there, as it did in Westminster Hall, as a production most honourable to our school. His contribution of the same year to the Academy was the representation of the performance of divine service by the early

Christians of Rome among the Catacombs, showing the persecution to which the converts to the faith were subjected. The picture is full of character.

Mr. Pickersgill had now obtained a position which the Royal Academy could not but recognise; accordingly, in November 1847 they elected him an Associate Member. To their next exhibition he sent two pictures from his favourite author, Spenser; one entitled "Idleness," a knight and maiden, most felicitously expressed, and rich in colour as any Etty; the other a sparkling composition, "Britomartis unveiling Amoret." His pictures of the following year manifest a decided improvement in manipulation. His style of colouring, which had a tendency to thinness, though rarely deficient in brilliancy, was now full and substantial: this was specially evident in the scene from "Comus," in which the value of a charming composition of figures was greatly increased by the bold and unctuous pencilling. The other picture, from "Orlando Furioso," exhibited skill in the attitude of motion given to the figures; they are not only gracefully drawn, but they have action. Of the four works contributed in 1850, the most important was "Samson Betrayed;" a noble picture in every quality of art, and which we are inclined to consider as the *chef d'œuvre* of the artist; at any rate it is executed with greater power than the "Burial of Harold." One of the others, "PLUTO CARRYING AWAY PROSERPINE" is engraved here; the rest bore the titles of "A Scene during the Invasion of Italy by Charles VIII.," and "Three Sketches from the Story of 'Imalda.'" "The raising of the Standard of Charles I. at Nottingham," exhibited in 1851,



Engraved by]

THE FLIGHT OF HELEN.

[Dalziel, Brothers.

is a spirited and effective sketch for a large picture; while in its companion in the gallery, a scene from Tasso, "Rinaldo destroying the Myrtle in the Enchanted Forest;" the figures of the syrens are characterised by the artist's accustomed accuracy of drawing and delicate colouring.

"Pan and Syrinx," a subject from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, painted in 1852, is a brilliant picture, well sustaining the author's reputation. The "Adoration of the Magi," of the same year, tested his powers in sacred Art. They were equal to the task he assumed; the subject is treated with unaffected simplicity and beauty. His other contribution was a different version of the "Idleness" of 1848: the knight in the last-painted picture is represented in a boat with two syrens, whose semi-nude figures contrast powerfully with the muscular limbs of their companion.

The records of the history of ancient Venice afforded subjects for two pictures in 1853, "Angelo Participazio, having rescued his Bride from the Pirates, returns with her to her Family," and "The Arrest of Novello de Carrara." These works, and his single contribution of last year, "THE DEATH OF FOSCARI, DOGE OF VENICE," engraved in p. 234, must be so fresh in the recollection of our readers, as to obviate the necessity of commenting upon them. Those which, we presume, will have been removed from the walls of the Royal Academy ere these pages are in the hands of the public, it is equally unnecessary to advert to.

* This beautiful work was purchased at the Exhibition by Prince Albert; it may be well for us to remark that this engraving was made before it became the property of his Royal Highness.

There is one of our engravings which has not yet been referred to:—"THE FLIGHT OF HELEN," a subject selected from the *Choruses* of the "Agamemnon" of *Æschylus*; we believe the picture from which the print is taken was never exhibited: the composition is very graceful, and in the disposition of the figures is distinguished by considerable originality.

As a general remark applicable to the works of this artist, we may say that they exhibit sound judgment and good taste in the selection of subject. This is the first, and not an unimportant step towards excellence. The subjects selected are treated with delicacy of feeling and purity of expression. We do not remember a coarse or unrefined thought in any of his pictures, or anything approaching to vulgarity, while they are perfectly free from affectation or prettinesses. His style is altogether good, and the quality of his painting such as will test close observation, especially the works of the last five or six years, which manifest increased and increasing vigour of execution. We have been well pleased to notice among these his pictures of sacred subjects, as an agreeable change from old English poetry and the fabled stories of Grecian writers; from the Scriptures he may derive the best inspirations for his Art; and with a mind so delicately formed as we believe his to be, uncorrupted by pre-Raphaelite influences, and actuated by the true spirit—to judge from what he has already accomplished—in which such works should be conceived and carried out, we feel assured he would labour most successfully in this, the highest branch of Art. But whether these matters engage his talents or not, he is among those of the younger painters to whom, if their lives are spared, the country must look to uphold the credit of the British school in historical painting.

MR. RUSKIN'S "NOTES" ON
"THE EXHIBITION."

It seems that we owe it to Mr. Ruskin's "friends," not to himself, that he again steps into the arena of criticism. If upon their part the proposition were really "a joke," they must have been much concerned when they found that he entered upon its fulfilment in a manner so painfully earnest. "I have been often asked," he says, "by my friends to mark for them the pictures in the exhibitions of the year which appear to me the most interesting either in their good qualities or their failure." We might hope that if it required much solicitation to induce Mr. Ruskin to "strip" for another gladiatorial display, that he was beginning to understand his real position with respect to the profession upon which he lavishes his valuable patronage. If his former volumes were a facetious experiment upon the intelligence of the public and the patience of painters, he must be sensible that what success soever he may have achieved in the former direction was fully counteracted by the nausea created in the latter; and this may account for what appears in these "Notes" to be a more moderate style. We tread no longer the path of flowery metaphor, there is not a rag of poetry, but there is one execrable jest apropos of the President's picture. For these volumes an apology is considered necessary by the author's "friends," who believe that they say enough when they permit themselves to say, that in that field Mr. Ruskin sowed "the wild oats of his criticism." We can only say that we have never met with any of this grain, we have found nothing but straw, nay scarcely that,—*chaff* merely. We have never heard of an artist who could paint anything after the swelling rhapsodies of those volumes. We have never seen a picture to which these tumid epithets would apply. When Mr. Ruskin censures, if his readers believe him, they must feel that the work of which he speaks is utterly demolished; there never was a work of Art sufficiently bad to merit the terms in which he speaks of it. If he praises a picture, it is at once felt that there never was a work of Art possessing one tithe of the merit he attributes. Weak men disrate themselves from the common standard of respectability by what is commonly known as eccentricity, but Mr. Ruskin is weaker than the weakest of these by affecting a perfection of charlatanism to which nobody has yet attained. He would in his eccentricity be more eccentric than other men. We believe that we can be of service to the author of "Modern Painters;" it is therefore with friendly feelings that we turn to him and his "Notes." We are not among those "friends" who pat him on the back, and within themselves wanton in the intoxication of his self-appreciation. Mr. Ruskin says that a twenty years' study of Art entitles him to deal with the subject—as he does—we presume he means. This is a gratuitous confession—we feel much concern that he should have made it: there is no sign of any useful study in anything that he has written. With a certain class of readers an uneducated critic is safe in praising the works of an eminent painter; and with a certain class of hearers he is also safe in declaring a dissent from the views of any other eminent painter; but remove him beyond those spheres in which he is oracular, to any circle where Art is really understood, he can afford no sound reasons either for his exalted praise or his insolent censure.

The author of "Modern Painters" has many enemies, but their bitterness is far outdone by the animosity of his "friends." With a view to confound these, we have with really amicable intent looked throughout the whole of Mr. Ruskin's work for one kind sentiment, one charitable phrase, a word of heartfelt and intelligible commendation calculated to assist and cheer some meritorious painter sinking in obscurity and neglect. But we find no such sentiment, there is no benignity in anything he has written;

and desirous as we are of giving him all the praise that is due to him, we wish to establish it as his signal virtue that he has never affected patronage in this vein. If he did not praise somebody he would become suspected by his admirers, but to those who may be visited with his approbation, his expressions of eulogy are most offensive, because his address is insolently condescending. Herein is he at least virtuous, that he cannot be accused of hypocrisy; since the violent strains of his applause constituted but a reflection of himself. In this there is no guile; no case of the declension of *ego* is omitted. And we will do the author of the "Notes" that justice which his "friends" cannot claim for him, and which his enemies deny him; that is, we believe that if he knew enough of Art, he would mention in his way young painters who gave forth promise of future distinction; but so much cannot be expected of him. His instincts attach him, both in praise and censure, to "celebrities," and by them he essays to lift himself into reputation. We know precisely his qualifications in Art; his "friends" are malicious enough to keep him writing books, but we have not the malevolence to wish him to paint a picture. His instincts attached him to Turner, and oddly enough to the pre-Raffaellites, one of those fatal inconsistencies into which the self-confident are most frequently betrayed. He deals only with those who have already worked out their own reputations. If he would do more than this, we will communicate to him the means. He should learn to draw; should he feel himself too old for the Academy, or, that he would not be received at any of the private schools, he might work quietly enough for three years in Paris; but he must be industrious and in his place every morning at six when the model is set; he would then be enabled to criticise with discrimination, provided always his studies extended to composition, light and shade, colour, character, and all the accomplishments necessary to the achievement of a picture. He would not then, as now, fasten on some ridiculously minute passage of a picture, and so employ himself magniloquently in splitting hairs, or breaking flies upon a wheel. In speaking of Maclise's picture, this critic devotes eighteen lines to a part of the hem of the Duke's robe. In speaking of Egg's pictures, he devotes fourteen lines to the bars of the window. Twenty-three lines to the reflections from the jewels in the coronet of Herbert's "Cordelia." The whole of the notice of Redgrave's "Bird-Keeper" turns upon the shape of leaves; and the pith of the notice of Millais' picture is exhausted on the fireman's sleeve. We need not go through the list: such are the trifles on which Mr. Ruskin dwells; and he would be the oracle of the dilettanti!

He is accused of "scurrility," "arrogance," "flippancy," "ignorance of Art," and other disqualifications which it is unnecessary to repeat. Now as we desire to be signalled among his real friends, we confess that we cannot defend him against such accusations. But if on the other hand Mr. Ruskin were to be accused of anything like liberal sentiment, impartiality, modesty or amiability, we should at once indignantly repel such imputations. The author of "Modern Painters" delights in dwelling upon a trifle, so do we sometimes; but pass we now to graver matter: we would revise with him the pictures spoken of in his "Notes."

Maclise's picture from "As you Like it," is declared "very bad;" it is one of a numerous class subdivided into "passively bad" and "actively bad;" it belongs particularly to the latter subdivision. The critic proceeds to condemn the pose of the Duke, sneeringly observing that Maclise had seen enough of society to know "how a duke generally sits," and thus implying that a duke sits differently from other men. But this is peculiarly Ruskinian, one of those points upon which the author of the "Notes" would dwell—"it is by vulgar choices, not vulgar ignorance, that he makes the enthroned Duke straddle like a village actor, and the young lady express her interest by a cool, unrestrained, and steady stare." We have said that the style is better than that of his "Modern Painters," this

passage is an instance of it. With respect to the "stare" of the young lady, she is addressing Orlando and earnestly dissuading him from his purpose—moreover she believes that she is speaking to a nameless adventurer; the feeling is feminine, and is but natural to both Rosalind and Celia. Mr. Ruskin's tastes are scenic, he would have preferred an askance and significant leer. The wrestler Charles is spoken of as "a grim, sinister, sinewy monster wholly devoid of all gentleness or humanity." If he were overflowing with the milk of human kindness—this were not the time to show it; upon this occasion he wrestles "for his credit," and has vowed that if "ever Orlando go alone again, he will never wrestle for prize more,"—with such a resolution in his heart is a prize-wrestler to light up his cheek with a sunny smile and blandly promise the guerdon to his opponent! The criticism of the figure is brief—these are points that Mr. Ruskin passes easily by. This figure had undoubtedly been better, had it reminded us less of the Hercules, of Myron—of Lysippus. It is studied more or less from the plaster, and in reality shows its source more than it ought to do. He talks to us Attic Greek among a company where nothing but medieval French, it may be, is spoken. There is, perhaps too much made of the figure, but does the learning shown in its realisation go for nothing! Not with this critic—he turns off to some utterly absurd objection about the arrangement of the pattern of the Duke's robe. We have often complained of the hardness of Maclise's work and the want of *morbidezza* in his flesh, but wherewithal does this critic find—let him take his range through the schools of Europe—where we say can he show a painter so entirely a master of expression, so fruitful in invention, so abundant in eloquent and appropriate detail, so felicitous in characteristic drawing, so powerful in the treatment of reflected and graduated lights, so prolific in resources of composition and, so pointed in his narrative? If these be nothing, let this critic name the living painter (we may except Wilhelm Kaulbach) who possesses worthier gifts. Mark the precision of the following—"On the part of the hem of the Duke's robe which crosses his right leg are seven circular golden ornaments and two halves, Mr. Maclise being evidently unable to draw them as turning away round the side of the dress, &c." What mere impertinence! and this person professes to arbitrate the fate of men who will be held in estimable memory we may say for centuries after he and his works are in the dust. So infinitesimal a portion of this great picture is the passage of which he writes, that it is necessary to look for some time before it is discernible. Mr. Ruskin is wrong in everything he says of this work.

"But," he continues "to pass from drawing to light and shade. Observe the light falls from the left on all the figures, but that of the two on the extreme left. These two, for sake of effect, are in accidental shadow—Good; but why then has Oliver in the brown a sharp light on the left side of his nose! and on his brown mantle! Reflected light, says the apologist—From what? Not from the red Charles, who is five paces at least in advance of Oliver; and if from the golden dress of the courtier, how comes it that the nearer and brighter golden dress of the Duke casts no reflected light whatever on the yellow furs and red hose of the wrestler, infinitely more susceptible of such a reflex than the dress of Oliver!"

We crave indulgence for quotations of such puerilities, but without them we cannot so fully prove the utter absurdity of this critic's views. In speaking of this minute portion of the Duke's dress he professes to have been speaking of the drawing—this is the only part of the drawing of the work he ventures to observe upon, because of drawing he knows nothing. But we must contradict methodically every assertion in the extract we make. The reflected lights both upon the face of Oliver and on his mantle are reflected not from the "red Charles" but from his clear skin—and instead of there being five paces between them, there is not one—and here is the proof: a wattle fence runs but a few

* NOTES ON SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL PICTURES EXHIBITED IN THE ROOMS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1855. SMITH, ELDER, & CO.

inches behind the foot of Charles, and on this wattle fence the hand of Oliver is resting—can there be five paces between men thus situated? The propriety of these lights cannot be disputed—but almost every one of Mr. Ruskin's critical observations are reversible with equal facility, so little of soundness is there in anything he advances. He asks why there is no reflection on the fur which hangs from the wrestler's shoulder and on his hose. It is because there is some little distance between the Duke and the wrestler, and because sheep or goat skin is not very susceptible of subdued reflexes. As Mr. Ruskin knows nothing of the flow of line, he might (were he capable of doing so) study this picture with great profit. As he knows nothing of the apposition and the opposition of colour, he might be also herein edified by a contemplation of its beauties. Drawing and expression are out of his way; we commend him therefore to his constitutional tastes: should he return to this picture, he had better count the stitches in the Duke's buskin.

In speaking of Lewis's "Armenian Lady," he says—"The face infinitely laboured, fails slightly. The flesh tint is too blue, a fault into which the master has lately fallen from trying to reach impossible delicacy." In the colour of the flesh there is nothing blue: the tint is the natural brown complexion of an oriental, and here again he fixes upon the minutissima of the composition, the zig-zag pattern of the dress, and pronounces it in perspective admirable!

In speaking of Sir C. L. Eastlake's "Beatrice," he is off to Venice, and discourses of Titian and Giorgione, who "have a slight tendency to flatness; but Giorgione's *G. Flat* has accompaniments,—Sir Charles's *C. Flat* stands alone." It is to be hoped that in some future edition of these precious "Notes," that Mr. Ruskin will explain what is meant here, as it is by no means clear. We are told in respect of Egg's picture, No. 136, "that the sun must have come in at the window, it did not get through the keyhole;" and this of a picture so full of pointed narrative. No. 141, "The Mitherless Bairn," is an admirable production, and in every part most earnest and amply successful, but it is characterised as "the most commonplace Wilkieism." For ourselves, we congratulate our school that it produces anything comparable to Wilkie. Does this critic know anything of the difficulty of painting such a picture? Has he never learned that to execute such a work, sketch after sketch, study after study are necessary: that the figures may have been arranged, displaced, re-arranged many times, and still the composition may have been yet to be recommenced? Mr. Ruskin professes to be minute in observation,—does he not see that in the manipulation between Wilkie's pictures and this "piece of Wilkieism," in one the touch is sweeping, in the other it is a stipple, somewhat crisp here and there? His notice of Stanfield, No. 142, is altogether unintelligible. About Herbert's picture, No. 149, "Lear Recovering his Reason at the Sight of Cordelia," two pages and a half are written; but the amount of criticism begins and ends with the lights on the coronet of Cordelia, whose face he calls a "profile of firwood!" The head of Lear and its expression constitute one of the most successful essays in the highest walk of Art ever painted. We cannot accompany Mr. Ruskin through his twaddle about Shakespeare and Dante, names which he should never utter. He admires Richmond's portrait of Sir H. Inglis, and breaks out here again into *facetia* about artists supposing every statesman's proper element to be "fog"!

The note upon Cope's picture, "The Royal Prisoners," is worth transcribing:—"It (the picture) is a very beautiful and well-chosen subject, not ill-painted. The spectator will see it to better advantage, if with his hand he will hide the guard's helmet, which projects into the lights like the beak of a canoe, and appears for a moment to be the principal subject." Mr. Cope is most fortunate in being thus patronised; and again, he is to be envied in the "note" upon his picture "Penserosa," No. 201, which is "very pretty, but had better have been put into the architectural room, as it may materially promote the erection of Norman arches in the gardens of

the metropolis, for the better performance of pensive appearances to morning visitors." It is difficult to catch the idea here, but this difficulty is of such frequent occurrence in the writings of Mr. Ruskin, that we pass on to No. 240, "The Bird Keeper," by Redgrave, R.A., in which the painter has outraged nature, "as if leaves had not their perspectives, shadows, and changes of hue, like everything else." The perspective of a leaf is a favourite subject with this writer; he proposes that the leaves of a tree shall be painted in individual perspective, like the leaves of a plant in a flower-pot, and turns to the leaves in Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne" as a model for foliage painting. Study these, "and you will return to the Academy with an eye so instructed as hardly thenceforward to accept in such matters fallacies for facts." We are not surprised at anything that the author of "Modern Painters" proposes: there are, however, persons who will accept it as counsel passing wise, that in a small landscape the perspective of each leaf (for this is what is meant) is to be considered like that of large studies of plants. No. 224, "The Moorland," by J. W. Inchbold, is spoken of as being, "as far as I have seen, the only thoroughly good landscape in the rooms of the Academy. It is more exquisite in its finish of lichenous rock painting than any work I have ever seen, and a single inch of it is well worth all the landscapes in the room." This picture is next the ceiling, but this in the Academy is no criterion of quality. The critic says that "his knowledge of this picture was not obtained by study of it in its present position." Painters may indeed deprecate the misfortune of numbering Mr. Ruskin among their friends, as much as the latter has reason to deprecate the kind offices of his "friends," who we think, after the publication of such a pamphlet as that before us, must be fain to leave him alone in his notoriety. We come now to "The Rescue," (J. E. Millais, No. 282), "which is,"—we extract *literatim*, *italics* and all—"the only great picture exhibited this year, but this is very great. The immortal element is in it to the full;" and, still great in his microscopic philosophy, the writer continues—"I have heard it said that the fireman's arm should not have looked so black in the red light. If people would only try the experiment, they would find that near black, compared with other colours is always black. Coals do not look red in a fire but when they are red hot. In fact the contrast between any dark colour and a light one, is always nearly the same, however high we raise the light that falls on both—and follows as usual the old masters." Mr. Ruskin proposes the experiment—we have tried it, although we knew very well what the result would be before doing so. He cannot have made this experiment, otherwise his ardent self-love had counselled him against the proposition. He assumes a position altogether false. If an object amid a profusion of overpowering light is to be painted as if there were no light, how would he paint the same object when positively all light is denied? It cannot be painted in any other way than this. Mr. Ruskin therefore argues that the extreme of light and the extreme of shade are to be represented in the same way—an evident absurdity. Let Mr. Ruskin (if this experiment be at all in his way) paint a black coat in a flood of sunlight or any other light, it will astonish his inexperience to find how little black and how much white he must use—and how little will be his success if he do not work up the breadths of light to the same degree as those of even middle-toned objects. It is further said, that "the execution of the picture is remarkably bold." This is one of the least defensible observations Mr. Ruskin could have made: the execution is careful, but it is timid, thin, and insubstantial. In its errors the picture is "bold," but in its beauties timid to a degree. Mr. Ruskin has nothing to say of the drawing of the fireman, and what we may call the want of drawing, or the vulgar *cinq-centisme* of the extremities of the figures. The poverty of the figure of the mother is fatal to the proximate composition: the head of this figure is like a false head joined to a disembodied drapery. Mr. Ruskin has not, perhaps, perceived one pas-

sage upon which he ought to have dwelt with rapture, that is, the shrinking of the foot of the child borne by the fireman: there is more appropriate expression here than there is in the features of the mother; and if expression be given to this foot, why is it denied to the face of the fireman? Of the sleeve of this figure one word more, although the subject be unworthy of it. The merest tyro pronounces this intense dark to be an impracticable spot in the composition: it is, in short, in every respect an inexplicable fallacy. There is much more in this picture that is utterly untrue,—as the fiery glare. This was painted from a light through red glass, and has hence betrayed the painter into the error of making it too red. There is more of yellow in the reflection cast by a mass of fire. We cannot dwell longer on this work; but we must observe, that no critic can deny an amount of power to the painter,—a power which is based upon a kind of industry; an attempt at imitation of which would break the hearts of a large percentage of an ample catalogue of painters. Mr. Millais has the faculty of painting extremely well anything he sees, and the rest is commonplace enough. Few persons would not desire to be rescued from such advocacy as that which Mr. Ruskin's applause expresses. His work is pronounced the great picture of the exhibition, but the qualities of which the writer of the "Notes" speaks are not those of a great picture; hence, had Mr. Millais painted even the most worthless subject, his production had still been the "great" picture of the exhibition. Mr. Millais, as we have already said, has power; but before his claim to be a great master in his art can be in anywise entertained, there is much of the *petit maître* in his art of which he must rid himself. Succeeding pictures are by Frith, Collinson, Solomon, Stirling, Huggins, Hook, and Stanfield. Leighton's "Cimabue" is noticed at some length, and much in the manner of antecedent criticism, the writer fixing on the oleanders and pinks, and then turning off to the old masters. "The Venetians," we are told, "were great colorists, not because they had peculiar secrets about oil and colour, but because, when they saw a thing red, they painted it red; and when they saw it blue, they painted it blue; and when they saw it distinctly, they painted it distinctly." All this is mere trifling in respect of a picture like this. If Mr. Ruskin cannot enter into pictorial composition, character, costume, expression, narrative, and twenty other things necessary to the working of a picture like this, it is useless to diverge to the Venetians, as he does upon the most trifling occasions. The Venetians, he says, had no secrets. They had no secrets, but they practised a method of painting, the result of which was great brilliancy. It is known that they glazed flesh upon a grey dead colour. Let Mr. Ruskin try this, and he will approach the Venetians. They saw flesh warm, life-like, fresh and rich in colour, and they began by painting it grey, cold, and death-like: is this what is meant by painting red as red, and blue as blue? In the points which Mr. Ruskin instances as defects, he is wrong. In a comparison with Millais's pictures that of Leighton is as superior as the best quality of historical Art is to tolerable *genre*. The terms in which Roberts's picture (549, "Rome") is spoken of, are most insulting. It is described as "a large architectural diagram, with the outlines executed sharply in black, the upper half being thin-painted red brick, and the lower green-grey. (Note the distinctness of the mannerism in the outlined statues and pillars of the chapel in shade upon the right.) I can hardly understand how any man, devoting his time to painting, ever comes to suppose that a picture can be right which is painted in two colours; or by what reasoning he persuades himself that, because seen under the red light of sunset, the purple trunk of stone-pine, the white stucco of house walls, the scarlet of tiles, and the green of foliage, may all be of the same colour." The paragraph is concluded by a point of exclamation, after some observations about a "beautiful blue-eyed female face," too silly to extract. In his observations on this picture Mr. Ruskin would be at once plausible and witty; but truth is in nowise affected by wit and plausibility. A momentary

examination of the picture will suffice to show that Mr. Roberts is right, and Mr. Ruskin is wrong; in fact the broad assertion of only three colours is untrue. Every artist—every ordinary observer—knows that colour is toned down, and detail is lost in all general breadths of shade; but in middle-tone shade, such as prevails in this work, neither is distinction of objects nor distinction of colours lost. In those masses of shade there are to be observed, generalised in tone but distinct in colour, a diversity of objects, yellow, green, red, in short of every colour, as such variously-hued incident would appear in a breadth of shade; and the artist has on his side the evidence of natural truth in the feeling with which he has worked his picture, but the critic does not appear to understand this.

A third edition of these "Notes" is before us, the same having been published with additions because "some surprise has been expressed by friends at the small number of pictures marked in the preceding notes," &c. Mr. Ruskin thereupon adds to his notices in a manner which must, in a great degree, allay the surprise of his friends, while it increases that of the public. He further endeavours to sustain himself against a writer in one of the daily papers, who questions the accuracy of his conclusions with respect to Roberts's picture, and proceeds to observe, "I deeply regret having been forced to speak again of this picture, because (so much of private feeling it may be permitted me to express) I have great personal regard for Mr. Roberts; but it may be as well to state at once, that whenever I blame a painting, I do so as gently as is consistent with just explanation of its principal defects. I never say half of what I could in its disfavour; and it will hereafter be found that when once I have felt it my duty to attack a picture, the worst policy which the friends of the artist can adopt will be to defend it."* We have never met with anything approaching the insolent presumption of this writer. If he were less extravagant he might be more dangerous, but the very charlatanism of his pretensions makes them ridiculous. Henceforth no picture against which this critic pronounces is of any value. If anything would undeceive Mr. Ruskin as to the worth of his judgment, it would be to seat him near a knot of painters, where he unseen might hear their observations on himself, for after all it is in the opinion of the profession wherein truth lies. The author of "Modern Painters" is fondly impressed with an engrossing sense of his own worth, but unless he had proclaimed his estimate of himself nobody could have formed an idea of such exaltation. If he denounce a work of Art, not a word will be heard in favour of it! In taking leave of Mr. Ruskin for the present (we say for the present, for this writer promises us yet many agreeable meetings) we would offer him a little advice, for we observe that he is not beyond availing himself of the counsel of real friends. We have already expressed respect for the talent of this gentleman, but we deny it lies in the direction of artistic criticism. A little practice in Art is worth volumes of Art-philosophy; had Mr. Ruskin possessed any sound knowledge of Art, he had written less. It is easy to rhapsodise about surging billows and the ever-toiling sea—the hues of living nature, the waking of the spring, and the hush of the dreamy summer—it is easier to write about these than to paint them. Mr. Ruskin is quite safe in saying they are difficult to paint, and that some of them nobody can paint; but such propositions only show how much he himself requires instruction in the art to which he professes to dictate. He has studied, he says, sixteen years,—his criticism shows how unprofitably. Let him study two years profitably, and he will revise not only his "Modern Painters," but also these, for him, most unfortunate "Notes."

No doubt Mr. Ruskin has expected, as he has invited, criticism: as far at least as we are concerned we have dealt more gently with him than he has dealt with "Modern Painters." The measure he has meted to others has not been measured to him again.

* "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my mouth let no dog bark."

THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM, AND ART-WORKMEN.

THE collection at the Architectural Museum, in Canon Row, we are glad to find from recent inspection, is steadily accumulating, and already presents remarkable advantages to architects, Art-workmen, and indeed all classes of artists. By the published catalogue we see that there were lately 3,500 casts of complete works and details, 130 original specimens in stone, wood, and metal, besides 60 in stained glass, and 100 encaustic and other tiles, as well as 750 impressions of seals, 1,500 rubbings of brasses, 350 drawings and prints, 100 photographs, and some books and models. Lectures have been delivered; classes for workmen are in operation, premiums have been offered; and we believe that the advantages of the institution are gradually being felt by the body for whom mainly they were intended. A conversazione was held at the rooms a few evenings before our last number was published, but too late for notice; and during the last month a similar meeting has taken place,—more especially for the workmen. The last-mentioned proceeding, as tending to cultivate friendly feeling between those engaged in the direction of works and the class of artisans, has our cordial approval.

At the conversazione, the Earl de Grey presided, and addresses were delivered by the Rev. Mr. Maurice, Archdeacon Thorpe, the Sub-Dean of Salisbury, the Rev. Mr. Boutell, Mr. A. B. Hope, Mr. Godwin, Mr. S. C. Hall, Sir Walter James, and others; well-deserved thanks were voted to the Treasurer, the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Clutton, and the Curator, Mr. C. B. Allen. Amongst the contributions for the evening, there were a large number which tended to show that—whether through the agency of this institution or otherwise—improvement has already been effected in Art-work. We may specially allude to the metal-work of Messrs. Hart and Mr. Skidmore, and to the glass shown in designs or specimens, by Messrs. Powell, Mr. A. O'Connor, Mr. Oliphant, and Mr. Lavers; also to the glass mosaic of Mr. Stevens. Sir Charles Barry lent the model of the design for the Crystal Palace, with the additions proposed by him—which it is much to be regretted could not be carried out, as the domes would have supplied the culminating features now so much needed for the effective grouping of the whole. The report read by Mr. Scott, the Treasurer, dwelt upon a fact often insisted upon in these pages, that in the best days of Art—"whether under the civilisation of the ancient world, or in the days which heralded our own,"—painting and sculpture, in their highest branches, no less than all kinds of decorative and industrial Art, were departments of one general art,—Architecture. This art had the peculiarity, as distinguished from the other fine-arts, of requiring for its perfection, workmen and artists in nearly the whole range of Art. The connection referred to, however, had latterly been lost; the public appeared unaware of its having ever existed, and the humble artificers employed in decorative work had been allowed to go without any means for their improvement; and the report claimed for the institution the honour of being the first public and systematic step towards a better-ordered system.

We would express an earnest hope, that attention will continue to be directed to making the collection one of a general character. Hitherto, doubtless, there has been ample reason for the course through which the collection has assumed a prominent mediæval aspect,—casts of Gothic ornaments being most readily attainable, besides being part of the necessary provision of those records of national antiquities rapidly perishing, the importance of which has been repeatedly expressed. It will, however, we think, be felt that the exclusive study of any one style—and as in this case, one the modern practice of which has not been the medium of expressing much original thought—is not the only course that would be judicious with a view to that future in architecture and Ornamental Art to which many are hopefully looking. We have not the shadow of an imputation to make against

the able professional gentlemen of the committee: had no disclaimer of such views as we refer to been put forth, it would equally have been beyond our thought to do so. We deem it right, however, to say, that an erroneous impression is likely to be conveyed by the exhibition of an altar fitted up with elaborate furniture and lighted candles, according to the practice of one particular sect. Such exhibitions are liable to be connected with the names of the clergy who were present; and together with the interest taken by the Ecclesiological Society in the Museum, will lead the public to believe that the objects of the institution are different from what is represented, and from what they are. So far as we ourselves can have any apprehension of the influence of the clergy over an undertaking of this important character, it is confined to what would lead us to deprecate that which of late years has tended—if to the knowledge of mediæval architecture, and to the preservation of many of its examples—certainly as much in opposition to, as in favour of the progress of Art. In short narrow-mindedness has been the great obstacle to the infusion of Art into general architectural practice. Enlarged and liberal views on Art are, we believe, to be looked for from the profession, rather than from their patrons in church architecture: indeed, the too imitative character of the works of late years has, we believe, resulted from great deference to the dictation of a class amongst the clergy, who can hardly be said to have looked upon works with anything of the true artist-feeling. Therefore, to prevent misconception of every kind, we hope that in future years the names of a greater proportion of laymen—lovers of Art—will be found in the report of proceedings.

In our notice of the conversazione, last year, we took occasion to remark, that—admitting the want of artist-workmen—the great impediment, so far as the artisan was concerned, to the manifestation of good Art in buildings, was the difficulty of an architect's finding those who were competent in the simple manipulation of their trades. Whatever design or mechanical contrivance varied from ordinary routine (as it must necessarily do, if good in point of Art), there was intolerable difficulty in getting it executed. This arose partly from positive ignorance in the workman, of his professed handicraft—partly from the conceit and prejudice which always accompany such ignorance. We trusted that nothing which might be done by the promoters of this institution, would interfere with that sense of the principle of subordination which is so necessary to the execution of great works, beside those of architecture and decoration. We urged that the Art-*result* was the only proper consideration; and that not only would real ability willingly look to that, but that it would constantly have to undertake, in the mere earning of a livelihood, work which might appear to be of a very humble description.

We do not know whether the views that we expressed—formed from experience of the demeanor and abilities of artisans in work of simple and straightforward character—have been thought deserving of attention, or whether the committee have it in their power to amend the evils which they best know to exist; but we are pretty sure—whatever the advantages to us of the Architectural Museum—that the education of artisans will be defective in some of the chief essentials, unless such views are regarded, if, indeed, some degree of injury to Art, or to the class of artisans, do not result. Our original reason for dwelling upon the point arose from the tone of certain addresses to the workmen,—in whose welfare and social elevation we take this opportunity to repeat we feel deep interest.

The "evening" to which we have above alluded, as more especially devoted to the Art-workmen, was largely attended—there being certainly above 200 present. The meeting was addressed by the Rev. F. D. Maurice, Mr. Ruskin, Mr. S. C. Hall, the Rev. Mr. Bowtell—but it derived much interest from the remarks of several of the workmen, who having been invited to take share in the proceedings, did so with much judgment and good sense.

The value of this Institution is sufficiently obvious: to the Art-workmen it is a school of

immense worth: to the public also it is abundant in useful lessons: and beyond question out of its proper support must arise vast benefits to the profession generally. Other opportunities will occur of watching and reporting its progress.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The Cathedral of Notre Dame, for a long time under repairs, begins to look well. The gallery of the Kings of France, over the principal entrance, will contain 28 statues, each 11 feet high; five of them are already placed, and have a fine effect. When the approaches to the church shall have been finished, the whole will present a grand aspect.—Notwithstanding the immense number of houses already demolished in Paris, it is said that many more are destined to fall; a vast plan of "New Paris" in numerous streets, is now preparing, which will be sent to the various "Mairies," to be there examined by the parties interested.—Several new rooms have been opened in the Louvre, in the Greek and Egyptian department; a splendid frieze, representing the "Battle of the Amazons," several thermæ, and other antiquities, have been added; the antiquities found in Algeria are also numerous.—At Constantine, a chamber ornamented with paintings has been opened in the vault containing the tomb of Proculus; the paintings are in the best Etruscan style.—Death has taken M. Barre, chief engraver of the Mint. He was a man of considerable talent; at 17 he entered the Mint as a simple workman, and in 1842 was created "Graveur Général des Monnaies;" he died full of honours, and much respected.—The exhibition of English Art here has excited great surprise, and, generally, great admiration, although this last feeling is little expressed; French vanity always will predominate.—French artists, seduced by the agents of the New York Exhibition to contribute their works, are now in the lamentable case of expenses to pay, and damages, &c., to support.—The town of Versailles has just established an Art-Union; the annual subscription is 10*fr.*—The Bank of Carrel lent, about 40 years ago, 200,000*fr.* on paintings valued by German connoisseurs at 140,700*fr.*; they have been offered by auction, and have realised 20,720*fr.*, another of those frequent delusions of picture speculating.—M. Hope's pictures, recently sold, realised only small sums:—"The Siege of Saragossa," by H. Vernet, sold for 13,300*fr.* (it was bought for 6000*fr.* at Thevenin's sale); "The Field of Battle," by P. Delaroche, 6150*fr.*; "The Sentinel," by Meunier, 4550*fr.*, to Mr. Van Cuyck; "The Green Grocer," by Van Schendel, 3300*fr.* The most important painting was by Hobbema, and has given cause to a law-suit, having been claimed by M. Hubert Robert; it cannot, therefore, be offered for sale at present. The articles of *écarté* brought high prices, the porcelain of Sèvres particularly: a service of old Sèvres, of 105 pieces, blue ground, was sold for 20,500*fr.* to a dealer, M. Beurdeley; a service, "pâte tendre," 118 pieces, 2600*fr.*; two magnificent vases of Chinese porcelain, 2050*fr.* The ancient Raphael ware, majolica, enamels, bronzes, also sold high; a porphyry vase, 4500*fr.*, to M. Rutter; a fine vase, lapis lazuli, 3500*fr.*, M. Fould; a small mirror, which cost M. Hope 600*fr.*, was sold for 8050*fr.*, to M. Mannheim: it certainly is very beautiful, but sold ridiculously high. In the Limoges enamel, a collar, in ebony, covered with enamel panels, 4500*fr.*; a square snuff-box, gold and enamel, 1561*fr.*; an equestrian statue of Gustavus Adolphus, in silver, 6000*fr.*, to M. Rutter. Many other articles, curious and too numerous to enumerate, were also sold at high prices; the total amount of the sale was above a million francs, 40,000*fr.*—The new church of St. Clotilde is nearly finished; it will add a remarkable feature to the architecture of Paris.—A painter of considerable talent is recently dead, M. P. F. Trezel, at the age of 73; pupil of Lemire and Prudhon, he was member of the Legion of Honour, and belonged to a school of which few remain.

VIENNA.—A Düsseldorf painter named Brewer has been for some time working here. He has acquired some reputation and proposes settling in Vienna; he has executed many portraits, and in his atelier are two historical pictures, the subject of one of which is from English history—"The Capture of Roger Mortimer, the Paramour of Isabella, Queen of Edward II."—Two artists have lately died here; one is Swardt the sculptor, and the other F. Högl, also a sculptor. The latter died on the 12th of May, aged 53 years. His reputation was founded on the excellence and great number of busts and portrait statues he had executed—among the latter of which were those of the Austrian generals Radetzky, Haynau, Clamm, &c.

FAME.

FROM THE SCULPTURE BY C. RAUCH.

OF the modern sculptors of Germany, the three which hold the highest place in the estimation of their countrymen are C. Rauch, Schwanthaler, and Thorwaldsen: the Germans claim the last as their own, because he was of Teutonic descent, although Denmark had the honour of being his birthplace. Christian Rauch was born at Arolsen, in the department of Waldeck, in 1777, and was early placed with a sculptor of his native town, to carve the ornaments in wood and stone for frames, tombs, and other similar works. From Arolsen he went to Cassel, and engaged himself to the sculptor C. Ruhl, employing, however, all his leisure hours from his usual occupations in modelling after nature. In 1797, family affairs called him to Berlin, and here he was placed in circumstances altogether foreign to the profession he had chosen, yet being surrounded by Art and artists he did not lose such advantages as were within his reach: he made the acquaintance of many of the young men who were studying there, and also got introduced to several persons of eminence, and also to the King himself. Rauch made great progress now, and sculptured some bas-reliefs, from the designs of Schadow, for the Medical Institute of Berlin.

In 1804 he started for Italy in company, and at the expense, of Count Sandresky, travelling through the south of France and Geneva to Rome. Here, his enthusiasm for Art, his application, and his talents gained him universal respect and esteem. Thorwaldsen took especial interest in him, and there is little doubt but that the works of this sculptor had considerable influence on the style of the young German, though he was never professedly his pupil. Of the principal works executed by Rauch when at Rome, up to the year 1811, we may instance a bas-relief of "Phædrus and Hippolytus," "Mars and Venus wounded by Diomed," and several busts of distinguished persons.

Rome was at this time occupied by the French; Napoleon I. resolved upon an exposition of the fine arts in the capital, and a commission was appointed to decide upon the merits of the works sent in for exhibition. Rauch was nominated a member of this committee, and an article in the French official paper the *Moniteur*, which contained a list of names, attracting the notice of the King of Prussia, who was then at Memel, he made enquiries of his minister Humboldt, to ascertain whether this was the same Rauch whom he had known at Berlin in years past. Finding this to be the case, the King granted him an annual pension of four hundred crowns to enable him to pursue his studies in Rome.

In 1810 Rauch was commissioned by the King to apply to Canova for a monument to the Queen, then recently deceased; Canova returned for answer that he "considered Rauch quite competent to undertake any task of this nature, and that he would execute a work quite worthy of its destination." In the following year he was therefore summoned to Berlin to enter into competition with other German sculptors. His design was the successful one, and he returned to Italy, on account of ill-health, to execute it. It was completed in 1813, and in the following year Rauch superintended its erection at Charlottenberg: the King expressed his approbation by conferring on Rauch the professorship of sculpture in the Academy, and also nominated him a member of the Academical Senate.

His statue of "Fame," or "Victory," (for we believe the work is known in Germany by the latter title) in the possession of her Majesty, and standing in the principal drawing-room at Osborne, is, we believe, a small replica of a work executed for a public purpose in Berlin or Munich; Rauch modelled several statues of "Victory," of which six adorn the Walhalla. Like all his works of this kind it exhibits a remarkable combination of vigorous conception and grace: a profile view of the figure is peculiarly elegant, but we considered the front view better adapted to our purpose.

SCENERY OF THE STAGE.

A SECOND visit to the Princess' Theatre still more strongly confirms the opinion we expressed of the gorgeous yet elegant manner in which Mr. Kean has brought out "Henry VIII." It would be impossible, we should think, to surpass the magnificence and appropriateness of the costumes worn by the characters of the play, and the artistic manner in which the actors are grouped on the stage, whether in small numbers, or in masses, as in the "Banqueting" and "Christening" scenes. The whole of the scenery is admirably painted by Mr. Grieve and his assistants, and as the views are taken from the best authorities who have left us records of ancient London, their fidelity cannot be questioned. But the great triumph in connection with the scenic display is in "Katherine's Dream," where the angels appear to her: this is a wonderful piece of stage illusion, and yet it can scarcely be called "illusion," for the beautiful spirits are real flesh and blood. The picture they present is one that Guido or Correggio might have painted, and yet Art could never reach the loveliness of this scene: we would heartily recommend every artist to go and study it—its grouping, attitude, and action, light and shade. But to see it as it ought to be studied, the spectator should be on the right hand side of the house, as he enters it, otherwise he loses much of the powerful effect of the shadows on the faces, as the light falls on them from the left of the stage; the left, that is, with reference to the audience. The recollection of this "Dream" will long linger on the memory of those who have seen it. We find we unintentionally erred last month in connecting the name of Mr. Planché with the "getting up" of this play; this gentleman has had nothing whatever to do with it: the merit of the various illustrations is due to the historical knowledge and the taste of Mr. Kean himself, aided to some extent by the gentlemen whose names we mentioned—Col. Hamilton Smith, Sir Charles Young, Mr. H. Shaw, F.S.A., and Mr. G. Godwin, F.S.A.: to them Mr. Kean expresses his obligations in his preface to the play-bill. The public, too, are scarcely less indebted to those who bring their knowledge to bear upon matters which not only minister to our pleasures, but also are sources of instruction to us: for such representations as those of Henry VIII., and of the other dramas of Shakespeare which have been produced at the Princess' in a like spirit of magnificence and historical truth, ought not to be regarded as mere pageants of amusement; as showing—

"The very age and body of the times,
Its form and fashion,"

they occupy a more important position; they at once carry the spectator back to the periods when these great historical events were transacted; the actors—princes, nobles, and people—pass before the eye as they looked, and walked, and talked; and a world which for centuries has been numbered with the dead, again lives, and moves, and acts, within the contracted limits of a theatrical stage. It is the "scrupulous adherence to historical truth in costume, architecture, and the multiplied details of action," which gives so much value to these dramatic representations, contrasting so forcibly with what we have heard our fathers talk about, when Garrick played Macbeth in a bag-wig and queue, snuff-coloured coat with steel buttons, and broad lappelled waistcoat of embroidered silk or satin; a burlesque on the character of Scotland's monarch. For some years past a desire after truthfulness and accuracy has actuated both theatrical managers and the public; neither could rest satisfied with the talent of the actor, however great, without the aid of the scene-painter and the costumier to endorse the illusion, as it were. The predecessors of Mr. Kean, in the various metropolitan theatres, have led the way in the work of reformation, but to him is due the merit of perfecting what others had well begun. Months of labour and anxiety must have been spent in producing "Henry VIII.," as it is now presented to us.



FAME.

FROM THE STATUE. BY C. RAUCH. IN THE COLLECTION OF THE QUEEN.

J. POWELL, DEL.

EDWIN HOPPE SCULPT.

LONDON. PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS.



LOCAL MUSEUMS.

We have frequently enforced the importance of local collections throughout England, and contrasted our want of such institutions with their abundance on the continent. In advocating their claim to public sympathy and support, we have done so on purely educational grounds. We are not of the class who regard museums merely in the light of innocent amusements, and still less do we belong to another class who consider them as collections of curiosities, only to be tolerated as lumber rooms. The truth is that we yet want a certain amount of popular education to enable the public in general properly to appreciate and use the collections freely thrown open to them. Half the interest of a thing frequently lies in its history, which, if not known, renders it of little or no value; and hundreds who visit our national museum look at what they do not understand and cannot appreciate; yet, we believe, there are none of these listless saunterers through the rooms who might not be converted into interested students, if any one would be at the trouble to prepare their minds for the due enjoyment of what they were about to see by a little preliminary teaching. It would therefore be a useful duty in schools and workshops to give familiar comments on the principal contents of museums before they were visited by the children or workmen, and in this way increase their gratification, and add to their general knowledge.

It is impossible to value too highly that education which reaches the mind through the eye. It is the first which willingly engages the attention of the infant, and the last which attracts the failing faculties of the aged. Local museums might therefore be made the agreeable and silent teachers of many who could not wade through books, or whose minds could only be reached by the curiosity they would incite. The most uncultivated mind would take some interest in the objects found in his own city or village, and the surprise one might feel at such things being valued by scholars, would naturally induce questioning as to the reason, and lead by imperceptible steps to a comprehension and knowledge of value to himself and others; because in the case of the exhumation of relics, such a person would be careful to preserve what he might otherwise destroy, presuming the discovery of no interest or use. Indeed science has been deprived by ignorance of much of this kind; and the record of discoveries as frequently are accompanied by notices of wanton destruction.

A local museum in a town is therefore a silent teacher, and in the hands of resident clergy, or the educated classes, might aid mechanics' institutes and lecture halls, as the repository of proofs in history and science, there enforced by the lecturer. We believe that the true uses of local museums have never yet been clearly and properly promulgated, and enjoyed. They are a large ingredient in the educational scheme, still unworked; lying like gold in its native bed, and wanting the refiner to make it more precious.

The new bill for the establishment of local museums will be of much value, and help in a great degree to do away with the reproach which our Gallic neighbours bring against us of caring nothing for our native history or antiquities. We trust to see a better history of ancient England yet compiled, by the aid of such collections, than the fragmentary contributions to its pages we hitherto possess.

The City of London singularly enough, as well as our so-called British Museum, have done little or nothing to aid these researches. Our museum is remarkable for abundance of everything not British, and the Guildhall has nothing to show but a few antiquities found beneath the Royal Exchange. As fast as antiquities have been discovered in the city, they have been destroyed, or secured by private persons. Lucky for science is it, that there are some individuals who care for what no one else values or protects. There is, however, an opportunity of removing the odium of the want which the City has of its early historic antiquities, as the extensive collections of Mr. Roach Smith are now to be secured. For twenty-five years has he assiduously

watched over and preserved the various relics of Roman, Saxon, and medieval antiquities exhumed within its boundary; and his collection is unrivalled as a local museum either at home or abroad. The unanimous voice of the press has stamped its value, and the numerous allusions made to it by writers on history and antiquity, testify to its general importance. The city at present possesses a mayor fully alive to the value and importance of Art, and we hope to see London take the lead in establishing a civic museum which should include Mr. Roach Smith's collection, and the many other rarities which would be drawn towards it.

THE

EXHIBITION OF PICTURES BY THE BROTHERS CHALON, R.A., AT THE SOCIETY OF ARTS.

OUR remarks concerning the exhibition of the works of the late Mr. John J. Chalon, and Mr. Alfred E. Chalon, seem to have been wrongly understood by one or two correspondents, whose opinions are entitled to respect. Our protest against the demand of one shilling for admission, and sixpence for the catalogue, applied not to this particular exhibition, but to any exhibition which the society institutes at its rooms, as, for instance, their late exhibitions of the works of Etty and of Mulready. The society professes to be established for "the encouragement of Art;" its purpose is, or ought to be, to render Art as extensively as possible a source of enjoyment and instruction: it is, or ought to be, a teacher of the masses; and every inducement ought to be held out to "the many" to visit any collection of works gathered together there. We confess we ourselves paid eighteen-pence reluctantly: whether we received a sufficient return for the money is not the question. But it seems to us quite certain that so long as this large amount is demanded, so long will visitors to the Adelphi be few and far between. The demand is, in our view, utterly inexcusable—considered either as a point of duty or a matter of policy; and we do not doubt that a larger revenue would be derived to the society by a charge of half the "accustomed fees." We believe that even now, if this principle be adopted, a considerable number of persons will visit the collection furnished by the Brothers Chalon; and the visit will not be without its ample recompense. Among the landscapes of the deceased painter, there are many which possess some of the highest qualities of Art:—depth, tone, vigour, and character,—and which show an intense love and enthusiastic study of nature. Such works are to be examined apart from an abundance of first thoughts and crude studies by which they are surrounded: and more than enough will be found to show that the artist was a man of genius, whose error was one which at least demands respect—an indifference to or scorn of popularity: his was a love of Art for its own "exceeding great reward;" and a luxurious enjoyment of what is natural and truthful. His works, indeed, afford evidence of that character which all his friends and brother artists accord to him—exceeding amiability of disposition, and thorough goodness of heart. He has here his monument: we should approach it with respect and homage; and not pass it by with indifference or neglect. On these walls hang the produce of a life of conscientious labour; of earnest aspirations after excellence; of fervent hopes as well as resolute efforts to do all things well.

The collection consists of about one hundred and twenty pictures and sketches by the late J. J. Chalon; mingled with a large number of pictures and sketches by his brother, A. E. Chalon, who has been the fashionable painter of his age; and, *par excellence*, the artist of ladies for a long period. He has produced many works without labouring in fetters—such as the admirable portrait of Rachel in this exhibition: and these sustain his fame high among the best painters of the epoch. Mr. A. E. Chalon indeed achieved the popularity which his brother either disdained to seek or failed to obtain.

The exhibition is interesting chiefly as a tribute to the memory of Mr. J. J. Chalon. It is better than a written book: more instructive than a long-drawn epitaph: and the brother has done justly and rightly—in his natural and holy pride—to submit to public view these large results of an industrious and well-spent life on the part of one of whom it may be truly said in the words of the poet, Longfellow:—

"He is not dead: he's but departed,—
For the artist never dies!"

CORRESPONDENCE.

FRAUDULENT "PROOFS" FROM WORN PLATES.

[THE following letter has been transmitted to us by Messrs. Day, the eminent copper-plate and lithographic printers. We do not hesitate to publish it; Messrs. Day have a right to speak for themselves. They will find but few to agree with them as to the conclusions they draw; it is against every principle of common sense and justice, to contend that he who assists another to commit a fraud does not participate in the crime. The only question to be determined is whether they did, or did not believe, the thing they printed was to be described and disposed of as the thing it was not—as purporting to be of greater value than what it actually was. Upon this principle the die-sinker who engraves and stamps an imitation of the sovereign, to order, subjects himself to no complaint on the part of him who takes a piece of brass in lieu of his twenty good shillings. We know nothing of the parties whom Messrs. Day name; we cannot say if they are guilty or innocent. But it is quite clear that of many worn-out plates, impressions have been taken, which have been sold as artists' proofs. Messrs. Day will not, we think, defend the practice of selling, however much they may be disposed to excuse that of printing, such plates under such circumstances.]

No doubt, we shall be again and again called upon to notice this matter; for the present, we leave it where it is; having sufficiently cautioned the public to beware when they go into a sale-room or look into a suspicious shop, inasmuch as by prints as well as by pictures they may be taken in.

To the Editor of "THE ART JOURNAL."

Sir,—I take the liberty of addressing you in reference to a paragraph that appeared in your last number, on the subject of the issue and sale of spurious proofs from important plates by Landseer and others. In the course of your remarks upon the subject, you blame the printers with being the cause of such impressions being distributed, and intimate that the printer should refuse to work such copies from the plates. You promise in a future number to give the names of those printers who do not do such work, and you remark that you would give the names of those who do such work, only that so doing might render you liable for action for libel. It is very desirable, first and foremost, to release you from all fear of being pursued for libel, by at once voluntarily publishing the fact that we do print India paper impressions from plates for publishers, and we beg most distinctly to deny that we should have any right to refuse to print such impression or impressions of any other quality that our customer the publisher might be pleased to order. It would be absurd, unbusiness-like, and totally uncalled-for, for us to dictate to the owner

of the property what style of impression he should be at liberty to print. And now, as to the cause of such impressions being allowed to get into circulation, I think, upon examination, you will find that the whole blame rests with those leading publishers who have sold some of their finest plates to those persons who are now issuing such cheap, and at the same time good, editions from them. As far as I am concerned, I only work for one firm engaged in the business of buying fine plates from the original publishers, in order to supply an enormous market at perhaps one-sixth of the original publication prices. I print very largely for Messrs. Somers & Isaacs, of Houndsditch, and I find the plates I hold for them bear the publication of, and were bought from, the following leading publishers:—Messrs. Henry Graves & Co., Hering & Remington, Thomas M'Lean, and E. Gambart & Co. Now I would most respectfully, but urgently, submit to you that if, as you say, "infamy" attaches to anyone at all for supplying the general public with very cheap India and other impressions of really fine plates, it must attach, I should say, to the original publisher of the plates, who, if he really desired to protect thoroughly and effectually his original supporters, would have destroyed the plates, or at all events have kept them in his own hands. But if the publisher sells his plates unconditionally, he surrenders thereby the protection he ought to afford his original subscribers; and I further presume that the man who pays a very large sum for a plate, presuming there is no condition to the contrary at the time of purchasing, is at perfect liberty to issue to the public any description of impression he may choose to have worked; and I would suggest that it is no more unfair to print an India proof and sell it at one-sixth of the original price. If injury is done to the holder of the original proofs, injury is done in exactly a proportionate degree to the holder of an original print. This fact seems to escape the notice of those who generally argue this question, but to my mind there is no doubt upon the point.

It will, I have no doubt, cause you very great astonishment to be told that in many cases much larger prices have been given for plates for the more extended market than the plates originally cost engraving. Nevertheless, those who pay these enormous prices for plates that have already had a large sale, sell the prints at from one-sixth to one-tenth the original publication price, and I pledge my word that the impressions thus sold are always as good as can be got from the plates, and that the paper also is of the best quality, and yet the trade is found profitable, for the public appreciate the boon and purchase enormously these first-rate works of Art, because they are placed before them at prices they are enabled to afford.

As it is very possible that the position you have taken in this matter may open up a wide field of discussion upon matters connected with Art-publication, much needing reform, I will await another opportunity of saying a little in relation to such matters.

WILLIAM DAY.

GATE STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS,
July 13th.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

WORCESTER.—The committee of the Society of Arts, recently established in Worcester, propose to open their second exhibition in the present month: works of Art intended for the gallery will be received by Mr. J. Criswick up to the 4th inst., at No. 6, New Compton Street, Soho. We believe this to be a progressive institution, and well calculated to promote a love of Art in the locality, which is wealthy, and therefore offers a good "market" for pictures. Among the patrons and supporters of the society are to be found many influential names: Lords Northwick and Ward are included in the number, noblemen well known as picture buyers.

NORWICH.—The report of the last sessional year of the Norwich School of Design, which terminated in June, has reached us. This school, since it has been under the management of Mr. Claude Nursey, has made great progress both in numbers and in the acquisition of such knowledge as is taught there. The pupils of both sexes in the central school amounted during the last year to 196; those in the "out-door" schools to 915. The system of establishing scholarships has been found to give great stimulus to the exertions of the students; the first scholarship of 20*l.* given by Sir S. M. Peto, Bart., was awarded to Robert N. Havers, shawl designer; the second, of 20*l.*, given by Edward Warner Esq., M.P. to George Easter, wood-carver; the third, of 15*l.*, the gift of Sir S. Rignold, M.P., has been postponed until the re-opening of the school.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE LORD MAYOR'S DINNER TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—It is well known that Sir Francis Graham Moon, Bart., was for many years a publisher of engravings in the City, of which he is now chief magistrate: and that to his energy and enterprise the public are principally indebted for the many fine works of Art that have been issued during the latter quarter of the present century. If Alderman Boydell was the first of London citizens who made of Art a legitimate and honourable source of commerce, he was far surpassed by his successor, who has expended thousands where previously hundreds had sufficed to answer the expectations of the speculator, and to meet the requirements of the public: and it is certain that the merit of Alderman Moon's publications are in a like ratio as compared with those of Alderman Boydell. Perhaps indeed the former expended in the production of a single work—"The Holy Land"—as large an amount of capital as that employed by the latter during the whole of his career. It is to the honour of Sir Francis Moon, that although he quitted business comparatively early in life, and with a rightly earned fortune, he succeeded in obtaining the approval, and in very many cases the friendship, of the several artists who had co-operated with him, and to whose works he had given circulation. The list of his publications is not only very large: it contains the names of all the foremost painters and engravers of the age: and it is beyond question that the productions of his establishment in Threadneedle Street have been the main sources of honour which British Art receives from the other parts of the world. It was therefore to be expected that during his official year, as Lord Mayor of London, the artists, who owe him much and to whom he is indebted for much, would be his honoured guests at the Mansion House. An invitation having been issued to the whole of the Royal Academy, and the heads of the other Art-institutions, together with the representatives of the several learned bodies of the metropolis, the dinner took place in the Egyptian Hall, on Saturday the 7th of July. The guests numbered one hundred and ten: a few ladies were among them: the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress being the hosts: and the entertainment was on a scale of exceeding liberality. The occasion indeed was marked by "all the honours," in the City sense of the term, where profusion and expenditure are usually on a scale needlessly too lavish. The President of the Royal Academy spoke for the artists, and was the only artist who did speak—a mistake, we humbly think—while other societies were represented, and the several branches of Art—sculpture, architecture, and engraving more especially—had their most distinguished professors there. The only toast, however, that demands particular comment was that of "the Patrons of Art" which called up Mr. Thomas Henry Hope, whom the Lord Mayor had previously lauded as one of those to whom Art was largely indebted. Mr. Hope, it is true, is a gentleman of great wealth, and of corresponding influence: he has built a superb mansion in Piccadilly, which as the work of a French architect takes not a single leaf from the laurel crown of the architects of England: and we believe his palace-house is full of rare and costly objects of Art, few or none of which are productions of British artists. We have no right to complain of this: but it seemed to us a bitter sarcasm to demand from him "a reply" when honours were asked for "the Patrons of Art" in the presence of Mr. Bicknell, Mr. Bashall, Mr. Arden, and some half-a-dozen others, to say nothing of Mr. George Godwin, who has been mainly the instrument by which nearly a quarter of a million of pounds sterling has been distributed among the painters and engravers of England. This "mistake" (as we humbly contend it to be) was not, however, so apparent as in any way to disturb the harmony of the evening. It will be long remembered by the assembled artists as a very gratifying honour and homage to their genius, on the part of one whose highest pride it is to acknowledge

that to them he is mainly indebted for the position he occupies as chief magistrate of the first city of the world.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN has given sittings to Mr. Joseph Durham, for a bust—or rather to enable him to complete a bust which he commenced some time ago, and which her Majesty thus enables him to finish. This very gracious act will give no little satisfaction to the profession, by whom the very great abilities of Mr. Durham have been long appreciated. He is a man of genius, and that of the highest order, to whom "patronage" has been slow in coming. Yet he is by no means unknown to the public; his sleeping statue (one of the children of Martin Tupper), now in the Exhibition, is among the most charming and beautiful productions of its class; and his bust of "Jenny Lind" has obtained for the sculptor a world-wide renown. It is exceedingly gratifying to be able to announce this gracious and graceful act on the part of Her Majesty. Those who are acquainted with the collections of pictures gathered by the Queen and Prince, are well aware how many comparatively "unknown" artists have obtained patronage and derived benefit from these true "patrons." Mr. Durham, even now not of the "unknown," will certainly obtain a larger popularity and a more extended fame from the execution of this bust; for of the issue we have not the remotest doubt. We feel assured it will be classed among the happiest productions of modern art.

THE SERVICES OF MISS NIGHTINGALE.—A circular has been issued by Mrs. S. C. Hall, addressed to a few ladies of weight and influence—the purpose of which is to ascertain the public feeling with reference to the services of Miss Nightingale, so far as relates to the practicability of recording the public estimation of them by establishing some institution which shall for ever associate her name with that of the education of women to perform duties such as those undertaken and discharged by her and the excellent women associated with her. We print a copy of this circular; and, for the present, leave the subject to find its way:—

"It is understood that the return of Miss Nightingale from her mission of love and mercy may be soon expected. It will no doubt occur to you that it is the especial duty of Englishwomen to record their sense of her services to the cause of her country and humanity.

"Would it not be well, therefore, to devise some mode by which this may be done effectually? Perhaps by establishing, to her honour and that of her associates, an institution in which women may be wisely educated, and properly qualified to undertake duties such as those which these admirable women have, so worthily, and at so much self-sacrifice, discharged.

"I am anxious to consult a few, by whose opinions I desire to be guided, as to the practicability of a movement having this object in view, and I venture to intreat your counsel and co-operation in reference to it. A. M. HALL."

"MRS. S. C. HALL,
21, ASHLEY PLACE,
VICTORIA STREET,
BELGRAVIA."

At present we merely do what Mrs. Hall has done:—hint that it is unquestionably the duty of the women of England to honour the woman by whom they have been represented among the sick, the wounded, and the dying at the seat of war. Those who agree with Mrs. Hall, and desire to aid such a movement, will probably communicate with her. In all such cases, some one must begin: Mrs. Hall has, we are sure, no desire but this—that the work shall be done.

THE SOIRÉE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY will take place, as heretofore, at the close of the exhibition: we believe the day fixed upon is the first of August. It is the only occasion of the year when artists generally are enabled to meet men of science and letters: and we trust proper steps will have been taken to invite many whose society may be considered useful as well as agreeable. We have always regretted that the President of the Royal Academy does not imitate the examples of several other heads of learned bodies, by giving "receptions" during the London season: the one however is

something gained, and we trust it will be entirely satisfactory to the hosts as well as to the guests.

THE FORGED PICTURE OF E. M. WARD.—This subject is about to be canvassed in a court of law—an action having been brought, in which Mr. Gambart (the publisher) is plaintiff, and Mr. Criswick (the frame-maker) is defendant. The plaintiff seeks to recover from the defendant the sum of 275*l.*; the claim arising under the following circumstances. Mr. Criswick, it appears, purchased the picture (which purported to be an original and a replica by Mr. E. M. Ward) from Mr. Melton, or Messrs. Melton and Clark (concerning their share in the transaction at its commencement it is needless here to remark); Mr. Criswick subsequently sold it to Mr. Gambart, for 125*l.*; who again sold it to Mr. Lloyd, for 150*l.*; who again sold it to Mr. Isaacs of Liverpool, for 200*l.*; who again sold it to a private gentleman for 275*l.* Upon the discovery of its being a copy, the owner claimed and received back 275*l.* from Mr. Isaacs, who claimed and received back 275*l.* from Mr. Lloyd, who claimed and received back 275*l.* from Mr. Gambart. Mr. Gambart demanded from Mr. Criswick the same sum—i. e., 275*l.*, which Mr. Criswick refused to pay, offering to pay back the sum actually received by him—i. e., 125*l.*, and no more. The case, therefore, is to go to a jury, and no doubt there will be some pleasant occupation for "gentlemen of the long robe," a strong "bar" being retained on both sides. At present Mr. Melton escapes "scot free;" the onus of an action against that person will lie with Mr. Criswick—and Mr. Criswick must bring it in self-defence; for no doubt he rates his character as of more value than his money. We shall see!

MR. CHADWICK, in a printed report concerning the Female Government School of Art, has the following passage:—"The females have been so far advanced in mental power and influence as to have been lost to the service by matrimonial engagements obtained with exceeding rapidity. To avoid these losses, plainer candidates were selected for training, but they, too, have obtained preference as wives to a perplexing extent." This note has not the recommendation of good taste, and ought not to have appeared in a serious report. If pupils have been selected because they are ugly, and have been, on that account, preferred over those who are good looking, the selection is against propriety and justice. We can hardly believe that Mr. Chadwick means anything but a joke: it is a poor joke however and exceedingly unbecoming; it may have made, and certainly has made, a very "funny" paragraph for newspapers: but thus to point out the Female Government School of Design as a place where there is a premium on ugliness is neither seemly nor wise. We can see no great difference between assailing the characters and stigmatising the countenances of young ladies who are pupils of this school: and would at all events recommend Mr. Chadwick to abstain from visiting it until the present "plain candidates" have gone off somewhere—though not to husbands.

THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.—This society has issued a notice that it is their intention "that every member who shall have subscribed for ten consecutive years, ending with the year 1856, and shall not have gained a prize of any kind in that period, shall be entitled to one of the porcelain busts of Clytie." This is perhaps wise. It will operate as a compensation to those—and they are many—who have been ten times disappointed. We hope it will not be the only "new law" of the society. It is quite clear that their larger prize-holders are almost invariably obliged to be content with inferior works, merely because all works of a better order have been "sold" previous to their obtaining the power of choice. Usually indeed, choice there is none, except "Hobson's." We can speak from personal experience. A few weeks ago, we were requested by a gentleman residing at a distance to select for him from the Royal Academy, a picture of the value of 150*l.*, to which he was entitled as one of the prize-gainers to that amount. We found it impossible to obtain any picture of merit, of that price or

near it: in the list we made of sixteen works we considered possibly unpurchased, fourteen had been acquired previously. We were therefore compelled to purchase one of the value of 100 guineas, allowing the 45*l.* to revert to the society. Surely, this is an evil for which there might be a remedy. We see no objection whatever, under such circumstances, to the prize-holder postponing his choice to the year ensuing. Such an arrangement might certainly lead to an evil; the prize-holder might make a job of his privilege, if the choice rested entirely with him: but the society itself should determine in such cases, and so afford proper protection to all parties.

THE NATIONAL STATUES.—It will cause a very general feeling of depression—amounting, indeed, almost to despair—to learn that the two great national statues about to be erected at Scutari and in St. Paul's, the former in memory of our dead soldiers, the latter to that of the great soldier of the age, are to be executed by the Baron Marochetti. We have no thought of slighting the repute of that gentleman: his powers as an artist are unquestionably of a high order: but it is quite as certain that these powers are surpassed by those of several British sculptors—Baily, Macdowell, Foley, Calder Marshall, Bell, and, it may be, one or two more. There might be a question as to their capabilities to produce a grand equestrian statue, such as that famous production of the Baron's which perhaps has not been excelled in modern Europe. Even this, however, is doubtful; for ability can never be tested without opportunity: and it yet remains to be seen whether the equestrian statue of Lord Hardinge, now in the studio of Mr. Foley, will not vie with the work referred to. But the contemplated statues are not of this order. Of that for Scutari we at present know nothing; but it is clear that the monument to the great duke for St. Paul's must be of a kind especially suited to the genius of either of the British sculptors we have named—and few who have seen the three statues of Hampden, Clarendon, and Falkland, will hesitate to believe that the task might have been safely entrusted to either of the three artists who produced them. But while we unhesitatingly affirm—and believe that our opinion will be confirmed by all the artists of Europe—that several of our sculptors are superior to their rival, M. Marochetti, we respectfully contend, that, if the fact were otherwise, our NATIONAL boons to sculptors should not be given to a foreigner. Under circumstances of such heavy discouragement, how is it possible that the art can flourish in England! Occasions for its promotion are sadly too limited. It is but rarely a sculptor has "a chance" of producing a great work. We have so often commented upon this topic, that it is needless to revert to it now. The sculptor's difficulties are many; his encouragements rare; and his successes, consequently, few. It is the duty of government to make them for him, and not to withhold them from him when they do occur. We know that patronage abundantly blesses the Baron Marochetti; and we know also that the sculptor of "Eve," and a dozen other works that may be classed with the finest productions of the antique, is without a commission—except for busts; surely such things ought not to be.

HER MAJESTY'S NEW YACHT, "THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT," is now finished, and will probably be first used for the conveyance of Her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, to Boulogne (or Ostend) *en route* for Paris, on a visit to the Emperor and Empress of the French. She is a roomy, light, and elegant vessel, and does infinite credit to the designers and builders; the quiet and neat elegance of her internal arrangements, and the good taste displayed in the decorations and fitting-up of this vessel, leave nothing to be wished for. Great credit and praise are due for the excellence and beauty of the maple-wood fittings and relievo leather decorations in the cornices, &c., for which we are indebted to the taste of the Hon. Capt. Denman, Mr. A. Walker, Messrs. Wakeling, and to Mr. F. Leake, who has made new designs and models for the cornices, &c., and produced them in their

beautiful relievo leathers, enriched with gilding. On their being submitted to Her Majesty and his Royal Highness the Prince, they expressed themselves especially pleased with the union of the emblems of England and France as a fitting decoration for their yacht on her first trip to France on the mission of union already ratified by the people, the navies, and armies of both countries,—and long may it continue.

ORNITHOLOGY.—We have had an opportunity of inspecting, at No. 57, Pall Mall, where it is exhibited, a unique collection of ornithological specimens, constituting a museum, containing almost every variety of birds, and consequently amounting in number to some thousands. All the birds are adults, and in the finest plumage; but what strikes the visitor beyond all else is the very superior manner in which they have been preserved. In not one instance can be seen the slightest blemish. The hues of the plumage are most brilliant, and the set of the wings perfectly natural. Of this collection we cannot speak too highly. It should be visited by all naturalists.

VIEWS IN THE CRIMEA.—There are now being exhibited, at Messrs. Day's, Gate-street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, a series of drawings, fifty-two in number, by Carlo Bassoli, an artist, who lived some time in the Crimea, under the immediate patronage of Prince Woronzoff, when Governor-General of New Russia, Bessarabia, and the Crimea. It may therefore be supposed that as the opportunities offered in such a position would be unusually favourable, that these views are strictly accurate. Among the most strikingly beautiful are "The Entrance to Sebastopol from the Sea," "Fort St. Nicholas seen from Fort Alexander," "General View of Sebastopol from the Tower d'Incendie, in the centre of the town," "Remains of Genoese Forts at Inkerman," "Prince Woronzoff's Palace at Alupka," &c. The drawings are executed in body colour, with great sweetness and delicacy. The series is intended for publication, and it will be very complete, as showing the Crimea before the commencement of the war.

MADemoiselle ROSA BONHEUR.—On the evening of the 17th of June, a select party of distinguished artists and amateurs, among whom were the Marchioness of Waterford, Earl Grey, the President, and several members of the Royal Academy, assembled, by invitation of the committee of the French Exhibition, to meet Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur at the gallery in Pall Mall, whither her great picture of "The Horse Fair" had preceded her a few days. Of the lady artist herself, who now deservedly takes her place among the very first painters of any age in her peculiar department, all that need be said in the way of her personal appearance is, that she is quite *petite* in size; her features are regular, very agreeable, and sparkling with intelligence. Her large picture would be a wonderful work for any painter; but as the production of a female it is marvellous in conception and execution: one has only to imagine a group of ten or a dozen powerful Flemish horses "trotted out" in every possible variety of action, some of them led by men as powerful and wild-looking as themselves, and he will then have some idea of the composition of this picture. The drawing of the horses and their action is admirable; one especially, to the left of the spectator, is foreshortened with extraordinary success. The colouring of the animals is rich and brilliant, and is managed so as to produce the most striking effect. Mademoiselle Bonheur's stay in London was only for a few days; she left it, we understand, to start at once to seek new subjects for her pencil among the Pyrenees.

TESTIMONIAL TO AN ARTIST.—The committee of the Exeter Training College for Schoolmasters have just presented Mr. Gendall, of Exeter, with a handsome piece of plate, to mark their sense of his gratuitous services to the students of the college, Mr. Gendall having, during several months, given them instruction in various branches of drawing, &c., the result being that no fewer than sixteen prizes were awarded to his pupils by the examiners from the Department of Practical Art in London.

THE NEWSPAPERS of the past month announce the deaths of two well-known artists: one, Mr.

E. Williams, senior, the landscape-painter, who died at an advanced age at his residence, Castlenau Villas, Barnes, in the full possession of all his artistic powers, almost to the last, evidence of which is seen in the three pictures exhibited by him at the Royal Academy during the present season. Mr. Williams was the father of several clever artists, some of whom are known under their proper names, and others bear the *noms de guerre* respectively of Bodington, Sidney Percy, and, we believe, A. Gilbert, and Montague. Mr. C. Brocky is the other painter whose death, on the 8th ultimo, was recorded: his figure subjects were always of a pleasing character, and frequently they showed qualities of Art approaching to an elevated order.

THE SOCIETY OF NOVIOMAGUS.—This Society, which consists of a limited number of Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries, had their anniversary meeting at Guildford on the 30th of July. Its meetings are rather of a social than a philosophic character: nevertheless, upon all occasions of assemblage the members are bound to bear in mind that information may be derived from enjoyment, and that the truest pleasure is that of which knowledge is the fruit. The party visited the ancient houses of Sutton and Losely, the venerable remains of St. Catherine's Chapel, the Roman Camp on Farley Heath, and other places of local or general interest: among the guests was the venerable John Britton.

MR. CALDER MARSHALL, R.A., the distinguished sculptor, during a recent visit to his native city, Edinburgh, was entertained at dinner by his brother artists and his fellow citizens. They are, as they may rightly be, proud of the high reputation the sculptor has acquired, and of the honour he has thus conferred upon the country whence has issued so many great men.

LORD WARD'S fine collection of pictures by the old masters is now open to the view of the public, his lordship having, with a liberality most creditable to him, placed it in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, for this purpose; the exhibition is perfectly free, nothing more being required from the visitor than to enter his name in a book when he enters.

THE STATUE OF THE LATE SIR ROBERT PEEL, by Mr. Behnes, has been erected in its place of destination, at the west end of Cheapside. It stands on a plain granite pedestal, and has an imposing effect.

THE LORD MAYOR'S VISIT TO PARIS is to be commemorated by Art. We learn from the *Literary Gazette* that "a French artist of repute has been requested by M. Delangle, in the name of the Municipal Commission of Paris, to paint a picture of the banquet offered on the 9th ult. to the Lord Mayor and the members of the corporation accompanying him. The scene of the occasion was the *Galerie des Fêtes*, the noblest banqueting-room, perhaps, in Europe."

MAPS OF THE WAR.—The activity of our geographers keeps pace with the important events that are daily taking place in the East. Mr. Wyld has just published a new edition of his large map of "Sevastopol, and positions of the Russian armies to Baktchi-Serai;" another of the country between Anapa and Caffa, including Kertch and Arabat; another of the Sea of Azov, with the surrounding shores; and a small one, from sketches by Lieut.-Col. Vaughan, of the Mamelon and new Russian defences, with the siege works of the allies. These maps should be well studied by those desirous of becoming acquainted with the positions held by the hostile parties; they are very clearly engraved. Mr. Stanford has also brought out new editions of his "Bird's-eye view of the Seat of War in the Crimea," a large map carefully coloured; one of "Sevastopol and the surrounding country," with the positions of the Allies and their opponents up to June; and one of the Sea of Azov, compiled from English, French, and Russian documents: these maps will also be found worthy of reference and study by all—and who is not?—desirous of tracing the course of the war.

THE FRENCH EXHIBITION CATALOGUE.—Mr. Pierce, of Jermyn Street, is the manufacturer of the Stove engraved in our last Part as the work of Mr. Pearce.

REVIEWS.

ON SCHOOLS OF INDUSTRY. By CHEYNE BRADY, M.R.I.A. Published by HODGES & SMITH, Dublin.

This pamphlet contains the substance of a paper recently read before the Royal Dublin Society. Mr. Brady offers no new suggestions with reference to schools of industry, nor are such required; all that is wanted is to impress the public mind with the importance of carrying out the systems which have hitherto been promulgated, and found to work well when put into practice. In his lecture he reminds his audience of the course of instruction pursued in some of the continental schools, where the pupils attend classes in that particular branch of trade which they purpose to follow: and this seems to be the point to which he wishes especially to direct the attention of those concerned in the management of industrial schools. The manufactures of Ireland he admits to be at a very low ebb, and although the industrial schools recently established there are doing much to remedy the evils arising from centuries of neglect and indifference, and the schools instituted by the Board of Education are doing still more for the country by combining literary teaching with industrial training, it will require no ordinary effort on the part of the friends of Ireland to raise her to something like a level, in the manufacturing arts, with the sister kingdoms. What Ireland wants at present, to quote from one of his Irish correspondents, is "skilled labour of the ordinary kind; Ireland is not yet ready for talent in design." Mr. Brady in a few words sums up the whole matter as it regards his country:—"We possess abundance of natural means of progress, abundance of raw materials, and we are undeniably gifted with one raw material peculiarly characteristic of Ireland, and capable of unlimited development, and that is, intelligence."

"Now this abundance of raw material, and abundance of natural ability, want practical application. We require to be taught skilful industry in converting our resources into valuable productions; we lack instruction in directing our natural intelligence to a useful purpose."

"There is a baneful feeling permeating every rank in the social scale in this country, which fetters the exertions and undermines the foundations of industry; and that is—a dependence upon others, a seeking for extraneous assistance."

May not, we would ask, half the social evils and miseries of Ireland be traced to the absence of a self-relying feeling, and to a spirit which, instead of working out its own independence, is continually crying out, "Come over and help us?"

GLAUCUS; OR, THE WONDERS OF THE SHORE. By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Published by MACMILLAN & Co., Cambridge.

We cannot tell why Mr. Kingsley should omit the "Rev.," and announce himself as plain "Charles Kingsley," on the title-page of this book, for its contents would do honour to any churchman, and add, perhaps, the freshest leaf to the author's chaplet. We have never enjoyed a sea-side book so much: it has gone forth with us in the morning, and reposed beneath our pillow at night; we have read it to ourselves, silently, and to those we love, aloud; we have charmed away headaches, and caused even the heavy heartaches of this grief-laden season to be forgotten, by repeating the "bits" and "snatches" with which the little volume abounds—"bits" of nature and of knowledge—"snatches" of poetry and sunshine—that illumine page after page with the full-heartedness that Mr. Kingsley throws into his subjects. As to ourselves, we have determined on an "aquarium;" but during our visit to the sea-side this autumn, if we do tumble off the rocks while seeking the "actinia," with which, "under the sea" (water), we mean to make ourselves a "living flower" garden, we must blame, even while we thank, the author of "The Wonders of the Shore."

A SABBATH AT HOME. Published by ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, & Co., London.

As the author has not placed her name on the title-page, we will not mention it, although it is undoubtedly the most sanctified of her works, and will long find its place where she desired it should be. We quote a few lines from the introduction, assuring our readers that we have never taken up a volume more richly fulfilling its intention.

"A short pious book, such as may lie on the coverlet of a sick man's bed, within reach of his weak hand; or on the window-seat, beside a decrepit woman's easy chair; or on the table, to be taken up and laid down by the daughter or wife who smooths the pillow, and watches the moment

for giving the cordial; or by the nurse, with her foot on the rocker of the cradle; or by the sole guardian of the lone dwelling, while all the other members of the family are in the Lord's house keeping holyday;—is what is here intended."

We anticipate a large circulation amongst the Christian public for this volume, and hope that soon it will come forth in a cheap form, so as to rest beside the Bible in every cottage through the QUEEN'S dominions.

THE SKYLARK. Written by JAMES HOGG. Composed by LADY COTTON SHEPPARD. Published by BOOSEY & SONS, London.

The object for which this song is published is, as none of our readers, we believe, will be inclined to deny, a sufficient apology for a departure from our usual course in noticing it. It is published "for the benefit of the Royal Asylum of St. Ann's Society, towards a special election of the children of officers who have fallen at Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman, who may unfortunately become applicants." The Ettrick Shepherd's words are set to a very simple and pleasing melody, in a key and a compass of notes which any young lady's voice may command: it is an exceedingly pretty drawing-room song.

THE EMIGRANT'S LOST SON: OR, LIFE ALONE IN THE FOREST. Edited by G. H. WALL. Published by G. ROUTLEDGE & Co., London.

This tale relates the adventures of a young lad who, having accidentally separated himself from his family, a party of emigrants, in a vast forest of Guiana is left for several years to meet his fate as he best may. It is not a Robinson Crusoe kind of story, nor one of "hair-breadth escapes in flood and field," but rather an introduction to the natural history of the country: the narrative is interesting, and written in a sound, healthy spirit, calculated to improve the heart and the mind of the young reader. We half suspect Mr. Wall's labours have gone beyond the mere editing and a well-written introduction, but if not, he has done the work of preparation for the press most carefully and judiciously.

RECOLLECTIONS, POLITICAL, LITERARY, DRAMATIC AND MISCELLANEOUS OF THE LAST HALF CENTURY. By the REV. J. RICHARDSON, L.L.B. 2 Vols. Printed for the Author, by SAVILL & EDWARDS, London.

Mr. Richardson's career has not been altogether in unison with his sacred vocation, but this may have been the result of circumstances rather than choice. Connected for more than a quarter of a century with the "leading journal of Europe," and for a still longer period with some one or other of the public press, he may be said, to use his own expression, "to have been in contact with all sorts of men." His "experiences" of some of these gentlemen are certainly very curious; managers, actors and actresses, prize-fighters and coachmen, felons, and smugglers, peers and "parliament men," heads of colleges and college chums, editors and aeronauts, *cum multis aliis*, are the heroes of these pages, which will amuse, if they do not edify, a certain class of readers: our own estimate of the excellence and worth of human nature has not been increased by the perusal of these "recollections;" but a man who mixes much with the world—we do not mean the fashionable, but the world at large,—as Mr. Richardson has done, must necessarily be sometimes found in strange companionship.

HANDBOOK OF DORKING. With numerous Illustrations on Wood and Steel. Published by J. ROWE, Dorking: G. WILLIS, London.

Within a radius of one hundred miles from the metropolis, is scarcely to be found a prettier and more picturesque locality than the neighbourhood of Dorking: we would recommend some of our landscape-painters to run down this sketching season, with this guide-book in their hands, which will point out to them where they may meet with some of the most charming "bits" of scenery. There is here abundant material for the pencil.

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS. Published by BELL & DALDY, London.

We would have given, years ago, even out of our limited supply of pocket-money, a round sum for this edition of Horace; he was always a great favourite of ours, though he occasionally gave us no little trouble to put him into decent English. This is the edition known as Macleane's, with numerous engravings from designs by Mr. T. D. Scott, illustrative of some of the images which Horace, like many ancient poets, drew from works of Art.

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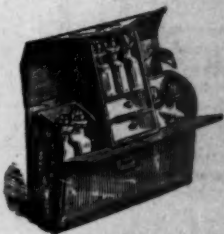
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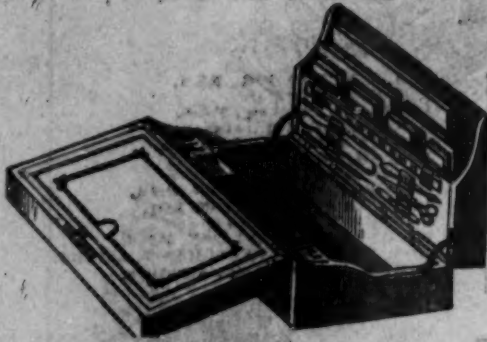
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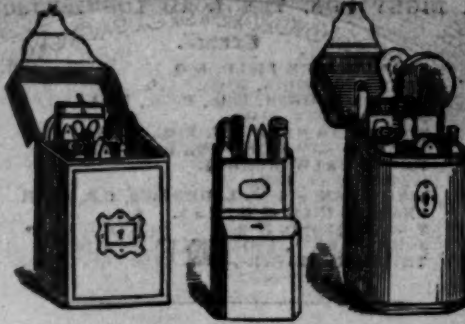


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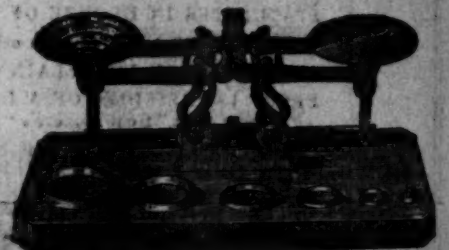
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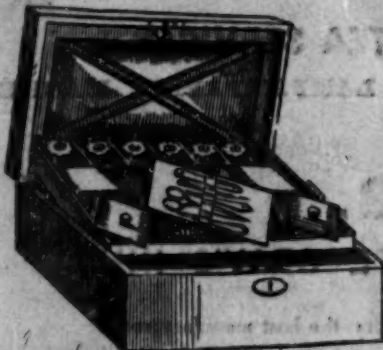
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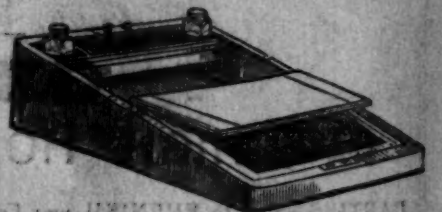


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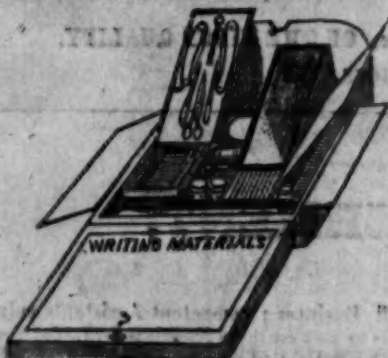


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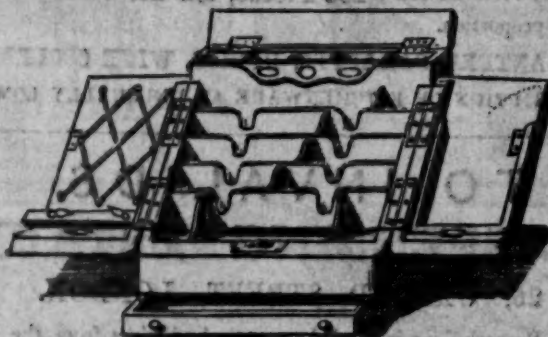
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